THIS NUMBER IS LARGELY DEVOTED TO LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN

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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Wood and the Trees

IT is a fine young forest in which there are also some splendid ancient growths. But the saplings crowd upward more and more, many sticking their heads concerning all the dead wood that needs to be cleared away. There are also many graftings upon older stems. To the farer in the forest there seem numberless new hybrid and fantastic branching marvels. His path is beset by trunks of alien species. In the old days of the forest there were open spaces and vistas, mossed seats among the roots of patriarchal pillars where filtering sunlight warmed with gold of reverie. Then the spaced trees allowed the whole wood to marshal itself in a spreading pattern, formal perhaps but with elements of unity. The vertical aspect of the whole approached cathedral architecture. The great landmarks held the lesser vegetative phenomena in proportion. On all sides opportunities for perspective delighted the artist eye. But since that serene and perhaps too glamorous time there seems to have been a letting in of the jungle. The forest has grown dark with the competitive tumult of new leafage. So close the gathering young growths stand that there is battle between their branches, foliage violently at strife. And everywhere the elder trees are beleaguered by the encroachment of the myriad new.

Now it is good that forests should be rejuvenated. And arboreal physicians are needed. Some trees stand too long; yet some deserve to preserve their stature. There comes a time, however, when it is almost impossible to see the wood for the trees. You have perceived all along that this is a parable of books. In the book-forest there is manifold multiplication. The critic goes tinily threading the tangle with his little shining axe, trebly confused by a thousand new voices in the foliage. For the leaves no longer whisper, nor are they sibylline. The leaves are vociferous, and the fluttering of them to the ground, in the battle of the branches, strews the forest floor with clip-sheets and pestilence-stricken multitudes of blurbs. The critic wades ankle-deep in deciduous verbiage.

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Is there no truly scientific school of literary forestry, which might graduate experts aptly trained to the task of a proper conservation, and an equally proper clearing away of dead reputations, so that the sturdiest new growths might find their place in the sun? Marauding amateur woodsmen may now attack the problem of overgrowth in any scattered and sporadic fashion. Anyone who can whet to a cutting edge a small hatchet of prejudice or specious theory is free to wander abroad in the wood and lay about him. There are older axe-men, (true!) and younger, with woodcraft as great, who offset these. They toil to open vista and perspective in the forest, to hack away strangling creepers of meretricious theory, to let in the light and encourage the most promising growths in proper proportion. Meanwhile the voices of the leaves often deceive them; and the forest has grown too vast for the individual. Nevertheless, the work must go on.

Yet our own hopeful belief is that this age is gradually developing something of a literary forestry system. Indications shine here and there. To abandon our figurative picture, though the books have so multiplied in America, though the publishing business has become such a large commercial organization, perfected in all departments of manufacture, promotion, publicity and advertising, there is more truly critical interest astir in contemporaneous literature than has been the case for many years. Much of it, to be sure, is in the amateur spirit, but, at least, there seems little danger at present of a close corporation of pundits ruling opinion. In fact, criticism inclines to the opposite extreme, toward the mere appreciation, the eulogy,—toward an easy satisfaction lacking powers of comparison or cogent allusion, avoiding quotation which might lessen the force of unsupported assertion.

One of the prime characteristics of the American is his susceptibility to enthusiasm. The hurrah about something is ever ready to burst from his lips. This

(*Continued on page 275*)

Silver Hunting

By NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

"Le cerf qui sorte au claire de lune. . . ."
—LA FONTAINE.

BUCKS run by moonlight. From a crease of bracken
Each foot precisely pointed as a spade
They leap in mist; their fragile cavalcade
Swings like a piece of veil the wind has taken
Through woods, brakes, gullies, that all day were shaken
By hunters, smashing branches, disobeyed
By dogs, drinking from bottles, and betrayed
By every stick their boots were loud to waken.

Only at midnight, hunter, to your eyes
The moon will lend its lovely malice, turn
Lead bullets into silver. Only then
Stretched in your battery, alone and wise
Can you decoy with wishes and bent fern
The pale bucks running in the mind's deep glen.

This Week

"Trail Makers of the Middle Border." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"By the City of the Long Sand." Reviewed by *Florence Ayscough.*

"Dreams and delights." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*

"The Flying King of Kurio." Reviewed by *Padraic Colum.*

"On to Oregon." Reviewed by *Daniel Henderson.*

The Most Helpless Readers. By *Harriet Eager Davis.*

Girls Read. By *Helen Ferris.*

For the Youngest. By *Margery Williams Bianco.*

Random Reflections. By *Rachel Field.*

Next Week or Later

"A Million and One Nights." Reviewed by *Jim Tully.*

Astray in a Library

By GUY HOLT

I DO wrong thus to entitle this memoir, for it was not in a library that the young person of whom I write went astraying. Indeed, the house in which he lived boasted no such apartment. It was a narrow house, I remember, set negligently upon the edge of a village which had just, in that first year of the new century, begun to feel the growing pains of transition into a suburb. But that transformation came later: and at the time of which I write the house stood almost alone, rising awkwardly to its three-storied eminence.

Nearby was a pond which became a leaden sea on sunless days and in the spring grew swollen, so that one sailed his raft over a full three acres of muddy ocean. Farther on was an abandoned stone pile with a wealth of treasure concealed in it: pudding stones and odd bits of flint and now and then a prized nugget of fool's gold. Nearer to the house was a nursery of young elms which was the haunt of hostile Indians, and where, later, strayed crusaders, returning from the Holy Land, underwent marvelous adventures. Through this wilderness, at dinnertime on fair days, one stole back to the house. One went cautiously, of course, rounding the plump catalpa trees whose fruit, when dried, made such excellent cigars, leaping over the porch-rail, and so into the house. There the Indian or crusader or knight-errant became, of a sudden, a rather stout little boy intent upon dinner.

On rainy days there were no Indians abroad, and it was then that the library, which was no library, came into its own. Even in those days when parlors were universally honored as the abode of cheerless elegance, that front room on the first floor somehow escaped its uncomfortable destiny. It owned a shabbiness which even to young eyes was grateful: the chairs grunted amiably when one sat upon them; the rug was no stranger to rough and tumble games; and a pillow might be hurled from the uncomely sofa near the door straight into the dining room with no damage or reproof. A happy, undignified room, in short, and even the "secretary" in one corner and the imposing book case opposite lacked austerity such as would chill youthful spirits.

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It was these two articles which housed the formal library of this none too prosperous home. Here were to be found those stately, uniform abominations which the taste of a generation before had elected to regard as the appropriate setting for classics. Here was Schiller—eight volumes of him—formidable in a graying black. Black and graying too was Macaulay's "History of England." Thackeray, upon the other hand, wore faded rose. His volumes were tall and slender, and each page bore two columns of small print. Of an equal height and style, lest an ancient rivalry be otherwise awakened, was Dickens; but he was clad in a dull green.

Little enough there was in the habit of any of these volumes to entice the young eye, but there was a legend to them which became a more potent allurement than any mere physical attraction. These had been Mother's books, acquired before her marriage, before those long, itinerant years as an actress which had borne such rich fruitage in anecdote. They were, thus, ancient volumes which could almost be regarded as heirlooms; moreover, they bore, each on

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its fly leaf, the owner's name, written in Grandfather's hand, in an ink not so faded but that one could read plainly "To Emma, on her Birthday" and then the date—in some cases of twenty years before! These, too, were traveled books, for they had come east from Indiana when, the stage abandoned, the family had at last come to earth. One remembered Indiana, even after five years. One remembered the Mississinewa and an occasional Indian from the Wabash reservation, viewed in terror from behind a fence. One remembered with a delicious fear how Gabe the iceman—said to be a half-breed—had actually once made threatening movements with his tongs.

So there was ample reason why one should be drawn to the bookcase on rainy days. One fingered many books; drew out the fat Doré Bible from its place on the lower shelf and looked with horror upon the doomed sinners on their mountain peak and on the flood rising to destroy them. Next to it stood four volumes of Works with the curious word Shakespeare below it, and in one of these, the one oddly labeled "Histories," was a fascinating picture, showing a man in armor who held in his hand a severed human head. Beneath were the words:

> Bastard: Austria's head, lie there
> While Philip breathes

and it was easy to deduce that the armored man was named Bastard. But who was Philip, and how could Austria—which everyone knew was a country like the United States—possess a head? It was all very puzzling, and in the endeavor to find an answer to the riddle one went exploring among the finely printed pages, encountering with delight the rascals, Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol, with their incomprehensible talk and equally inexplicable antics, but never, it now seems, taking note of one Sir John Falstaff. The names of persons and places offered the greatest allurement to one well-learned in the nomenclature of the Lang fairy books, but rhetorical passages of the robuster sort were high in favor. Especially admired was Gratiano's outburst:

> O, be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog!
> And for thy life let Justice be accus'd

which thereafter became the official form of address to the brindle pup, Colonel, a sensitive beast who whimpered at the words.

It was this same Shakespeare who furnished names for the ill-fated progeny of Hades, the stray, who took up her quarters in the cellar of the narrow house that winter. Thirteen were in the litter and they were called Romeo and Juliet, Troilus and Cressida, Venus and Adonis, and the like during their fortnight's span. It was Timon of Athens who survived longest, I remember.

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But there were other Works in the bookcase and these were investigated with impartiality. The Works of Will Carlton, the Works of Fielding, the Works of George Eliot: one ran through them swiftly and with small pleasure, then traveled on, past the small solitary volume called "Lady Audley's Secret" to the aristocrats of the shelf: The Works of Sir Walter Scott.

Here one lingered; for this Scott, as readily became apparent, told every bit as good a tale as G. A. Henty, and dosed his readers with less of history. To be sure, only two or three of his books were worth anyone's whole-hearted attention—"Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," "Quentin Durward"—but these were of such superior stuff that they were read more than often and became the inspiration of many a mortal combat waged in the meadows thereafter.

But even the noble Wilfred and the wicked Front-de-Boeuf palled after a while and one passed on to the single volumes above, reading none of them, however, for an excellent reason.

For now spring came and with it a season of warm rains, so that the attic, a veritable arctic region during the winter, became a territory to be revisited. Here, unlocked and unforbidden, was treasure in quantity: wigs, a full dozen, a cocked hat or two, by-ends of theatrical costume. Now the tags of Shakespearian eloquence came into full use. Now one became at will the vagrant Nym, or the pot-valiant Bardolph. Cocked hat on head, brandishing a rusty gladius, one cried, "A pox on thee!" to the echoes, and thrust savagely at the cowering brindle pup.

Other treasures dwelt in the attic. High as one's head were piled the paper-bound accumulations of those theatrical years: old magazines, saved from destruction by some obscure acquisitiveness, uncounted volumes of the old Seaside Library and of another series, unidentified by memory save that each cover bore the pictured head of an Indian brave; and a full hundred or more of French's Acting Dramas.

Heaven knows by what process of selection so ill-assorted a company of plays had been brought together. Had this been the working library of a theatrical manager, bent on experimentation, one could have understood its variety. But these, as inquiry has since brought out, were all dramas which one repertory company had produced, in which one handful of players had taken part. They have been lost or destroyed these twenty years, and yet the appearance of them, their titles, the stage directions scrawled in the margins—so many times only the laconic symbol "bus."—all stay clear in the memory. "The Marble Heart," "The Hidden Hand," "Under the Gaslight," "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," "East Lynne," "Shore Acres," "The Lady of Lyons," "Grimshaw, Bradshaw, and Bagshaw"—even now the typewriter ticks them off readily enough. There were, too, plays by William Schwenk Gilbert: "Gretchen," and "Pygmalion and Galatea," which were so little entertaining that one almost failed to read the larger volumes by the same author and one Arthur Sullivan. They contained, in addition to a great deal of dispensable music, the merriest of rhymes and dialogue which, although never quite understood, seemed to be nonsense of an agreeable sort.

A full hundred! Many more than that were in that tipsy pile in the corner of the attic; and every one of them was read, yes and acted too, by one plump little boy, that spring.

Nor were the neighboring piles neglected. It was here, among these paper-covered books, that one first encountered Tennyson, Flaubert, Cooper, Kipling, to say nothing of E. P. Roe, Ouida, and Archibald Clavering Gunter. It was from a group of old *Strand Magazines* that was acquired a habit of reading H. G. Wells; and in an equally ancient *Cosmopolitan* that one first shuddered over a tale by Ambrose Bierce. Even a certitude about the "facts of life" was gained from a certain fat book, whose cover, half torn off, bore the legend "Dr. Somebody's Household Companion and Book of Useful Knowledge." And simultaneously—perhaps appropriately so—it was in another coverless book that one came upon the lines, often, that season, chanted to the rafters:

> Weave a circle round him thrice
> And close your eyes in holy dread.
> For he on honey-dew has fed
> And drunk the milk of paradise. . . .

and knew dimly, for the first time, something of the beauty of English speech.

Hamlin Garland's Trilogy

TRAIL MAKERS OF THE MIDDLE BORDER. By HAMLIN GARLAND. Illustrated by Constance Garland. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

THIS is a volume to be approached with high expectations. In "A Son of the Middle Border" Mr. Garland related with memorable vividness the story of his boyhood days on the Wisconsin and Iowa prairies, his early literary enthusiasms, his ardent discovery of New England, and his plunge into letters. It is unquestionably his masterpiece, an American classic. In "A Daughter of the Middle Border" he carried his autobiography down to a later date, and narrated parallel with it the history of the girl who became his wife. Now he turns back and in the third volume of the series presents a semi-fictionalized biography of his father, Richard Garland. The story begins in Maine, with Richard's birth on a stony Oxford County farm; it closes in Wisconsin, with his return from the Civil War—a return which the author used for the starting point of "A Son of the Middle Border." The volume thus fills out a family chronicle and gives it a depth previously lacking.

The method, however, is radically different from that of the two other volumes of the trilogy. They were essentially historical, the animated narrative lighted up by passages of lyrical description and philosophical comment, but never departing from fact. In "Trail Makers of the Middle Border" the material is cast into the form of a rambling romance. Richard Garland becomes Richard Graham; Isabel McClintock, the author's mother, becomes Isabel McLane. It is a method that might seem adapted to greater vividness and imaginative inspiration, to more of poetry and less of prose in the inevitable mixture of *wahrheit und dichtung*. But this is not the fact; indeed, the story lacks the pulse and color of Mr. Garland's own autobiography. He has not taken advantage of the license of his romance form to inject purely imaginative materials, and in filling in the outlines of his family chronicle—in retelling the fireside tales of his parents—he lacks the vitalizing aid of personal experience. The book is the least vivid and forcible of the three.

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Those who have read the first pages of "A Son of the Middle Border" will know in advance the principal events of Richard Garland's life. Born close under the Canadian border, he early rebels against the poverty and limited future of his father's farm. He finds work on a neighboring railway; after a short time betakes himself to the granite quarries of Quincy, Mass.; and then in the last days of the forties becomes infected with the fever of western emigration. Boston holds little appeal for him, for all his tastes are for outdoor life and adventure. He has the restless, hardy spirit of the true pioneer. His parents are induced to go west too, and he helps them clear a farm in the wilds of southwestern Wisconsin. In the summer he labors at sowing and reaping; in the winter he joins the lumberjacks of the northern Wisconsin forests, cutting logs and rafting them down the turbulent Wisconsin River. He falls in love with Isabel, makes his own cabin home in a coulée near the La Crosse River, and sees his first children born. Then the Civil War comes, and as soon as he can pay off his mortgage and leave his family in safety, he enlists. Thanks to his wilderness experience, he makes an excellent scout, and performs valuable service for Grant before Vicksburg, where he finally falls sick and is invalided home.

Plainly there is opportunity, in this somewhat disjointed chronicle, for striking narrative and descriptive effects, and of some of them Mr. Garland makes good use. His chapters on logging, on the spring drive, and on running the whirlpools of "The Dells" with log rafts, are stirring. He puts genuine emotion into the courtship, marriage, and honeymoon of the young pioneer farmer and the daughter of the Scotch neighbor. Best of all are the chapters upon Richard's military service, including a description of the siege and capitulation of Vicksburg. They remind us that Mr. Garland is author of one of the best lives of Grant yet written, and thoroughly familiar with the historical background. In these pages we catch a clear comprehension of the spirit of the new-made army of rough Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa boys who fought and won at Donelson, Belmont, Fort Henry, Shiloh, and Vicksburg. The final scene between Grant and Pemberton in the scarred no-man's land between the Union and Confederate lines could not be better described. Unfortunately much that falls between these vivid chapters is flat and spiritless.

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Despite its faults, the book is a valuable addition to our shelf of studies of pioneer life. It would be more valuable if Mr. Garland had treated some parts of it with greater realism and less sentimentality. The man who thirty years ago painted such striking pictures of the dirt, drudgery, and soul-grinding poverty of farm life could have shown us more of the crudity, bleakness, and ignorance of the frontier, and thereby made his picture of it more truthful. But Mr. Garland is entitled to ask that this last volume be considered in conjunction with the two preceding it; and it is only fair to say that this three-part study of Western development is quite unique. This history of a family, with all its shortcomings, embodies so much of the history of the Central West, both material and cultural, and is so sympathetic a rendering of the Western spirit and mind, that it may be called indispensable to a comprehension of the section.

One of the most admirable biographies which this year of biographies of St. Francis has called forth is by an Italian, Luigi Salvatorelli. His "Vita de San Francisco d'Assisi" (Bari: Laterza) is a book full of atmosphere yet one that so skilfully steers past the shoals of religious opinion and controversy that it can be read with delight by all. It projects St. Francis against the background of his age, shows his influence upon it and his effect upon the period which succeeded it, and at the same time paints a most appealing picture of the man and saint.

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God's People

THE STORY OF OUR AMERICAN PEOPLE. By CHARLES F. HORNE. Prepared and issued at the suggestion of The American Legion, with its support and critical aid, and with that of The American Legion Auxiliary, American Federation of Labor, American War Mothers, Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, Boy Scouts of America, Civic League for Immigrants, Colonial Sons and Daughters, Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of the War of 1812, Daughters of the Confederacy, Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, General Federation of Women's Clubs, Knights of Pythias, League for American Citizenship, National Association for Constitutional Government, National Association of Naval Veterans, National Child Welfare Association, National Civic Federation, National Security League, Service Star Legion, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Union Society of the Civil War, United Confederate Veterans, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Women's Relief Corps of the G. A. R., Women's Home Mission Society, and other patriotic and educational socities. New York: United States History Publishing Co. 1926. 2 vols.

Reviewed by HAROLD U. FAULKNER

Smith College

THE history of this book is curious and significant. It is the product of those hysterical post-war years when large numbers of people seemed to think our civilization would topple with the faintest breeze that blew from Russia. In this period of jumpy nerves and fanatical nationalism the feeling became prevalent in certain circles that our public schools were wofully remiss in their duty and that teachers of history, in particular, instead of devoting their energies to inculcating patriotism had fallen into the snare of the scientific historians, and were attempting to teach history pure and undefiled. Others seemed to believe that Bolshevism had made such rapid headway among teachers that every flapper turned loose with a normal school diploma was receiving gold from Moscow.

One trouble with the schools, it was believed, was that many of the textbooks in history were not sufficiently nationalistic. Instead of an ardent and aggressive nationalism the textbook-writers seemed not only inclined to weigh carefully historical evidence but to take an unholy delight in exploding some of the aged myths. This, of course, was all wrong, and a propaganda which grew to considerable size was developed against many of the existing textbooks. The chief indictment on the propaganda was that the college professors who wrote these books were either internationalists or else they had become insnared in a monster plot to reunite the English speaking races.

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This kind of propaganda appealed strongly to two groups,—certain German-Americans and Irish-Americans whose hatred of England obscured everything else, and many ardent patriots who sincerely believed that the children were not receiving the right kind of instruction. In particular, the Sons of the Revolution were aggrieved because there was a growing tendency to decrease the space given to the Revolution and to revise some of the older interpretations. It was not difficult to arouse fraternal and patriotic organizations to demand investigations and to induce legislators to introduce bills calling for government censorship of textbooks. Such bills were actually passed in 1923 in Wisconsin and Oregon.

The textbook agitation was facilitated by the existence during these years of an Americanization Committee in almost every organization. Although it was difficult to find two people who were in agreement as to what Americanization was, many of these committees finally discovered in the textbook agitation something with which to occupy themselves. Of all the Americanization Committees perhaps the greatest was that maintained by the American Legion. This committee, while under the guidance of Mr. Garland Powell, arranged to have a textbook written for the seventh and eighth grades and for Junior High Schools; a percentage of the profits from the sale of the book to go to the American Legion. This was accordingly done, and the book under review is the result. Before the book reached the market, however, sufficient opposition developed in the Legion, particularly in the Massachusetts Department, to force the Executive Committee of the Legion at the Indianapolis meeting in June, 1925, to abrogate the contract with the History Publishing Company, and to abandon any financial connection, but at the same time to consent "to permit the publishing company to carry on its title page the fact that this publication is at the suggestion of the American Legion."

The book, nevertheless, since its conception has been known as the "Legion History," and probably always will be. This connection is emphasized by the publishers who state in the introduction that "the American Legion at its Annual Convention in 1922 authorized the making of this textbook," a statement which seems to have no basis whatsoever in fact. How the endorsement of the numerous "other patriotic and educational societies" whose names appear on the title page was obtained only those acquainted with post-war psychology can understand. Having fought the war supposedly to crush Prussianism, we pay the Prussians the highest compliment by taking a leaf from their book in this effort to put into the schools a standardized history redolent with flamboyant nationalism.

Great pains have evidently been taken in offering an attractive book to younger students. Believing that style was as important as facts, the writing was put in the hands not of an American historian but of

H. G. WELLS

From "Mr. Belloc Objects to 'The Outline of History'," by H. G. Wells (Doran)

Charles F. Horne, a professor of English in the College of the City of New York. Professor Horne has produced a very readable text which is greatly augmented by numerous maps and pictures, of which at least sixteen are full-page colored plates. Although many of the pictures are highly imaginative, as a whole they compare favorably with those in other histories designed for the same readers. The author in order to meet the criticism of other texts and to please all sorts of people has made an effort, and with considerable success, to chronicle the history of all sections and to drag in the innumerable minor episodes and mythology which cluttered up the older histories.

The chief indictment to be drawn against the so-called "Legion History" is not so much the errors of fact which it contains, numerous as these are, as an inadequate realization on the part of the author as to what comprises the history of a people, the effort herein made to interpret American history as a teleological process—the development of God's chosen people, and the attempt to teach in it too many other things than history. No matter what criticism can be made of the American history texts produced during the last fifteen years, it must be admitted that the trained historians who have written them have tried to cut down on the space given to wars and politics and to enlarge on the economic and social development of the people and thus more truly to reproduce the past. At the same time they have sought to emphasize the period since the Civil War as that most influential in producing our present civilization. In both of these respects the author of this book has taken a step backward. But little attention is given to the life of the people, while the military history of the two wars with Great Britain is sketched in considerable detail. The period to 1789 is given almost twice the space devoted to the years from 1865 to the present.

Most unfortunate is the effort to explain American history as a process by which God led his chosen race out of the wilderness and set them up as a shining example to the world of all that was good and noble. This begins with the first sentence on page 1, "AMERICA! A thrill of love leaps in our hearts at the mention of the name. Even strangers love America," and continues to the end. On page 6 we find this astonishing paragraph:

> The fact that our continent lay so long unused has seemed to many earnest thinkers one of the world's most striking manifestations of the Divine Purpose of God. They have believed that all this wealth of field and forest and mines was held untouched until civilization should grow worthy of it. America was to be a new rich heritage for man, not to be revealed to him until he had learned how to conserve it, how to govern both it and himself.

The "higher liberty" set up by the Constitution is "a necessary step in the fulfilment of God's great purposes." Even Columbus approached his task "spiritually." After two volumes of trials and tribulations in which our people and our government always come out on top, incidentally dealing blows right and left for righteousness, we are informed in the last paragraph that "God's glorious Law of Free Will has given to man alone, among known forces, the power to choose his path. Thus, no matter how often we fail, we can always start anew. The opportunity here opens before us of helping on His future, if we will."

It is, of course, flattering to feel that this nation has received the marks of special providential favors; besides it makes the whole process so ridiculously clear and simple. More irritating, however, is the attempt made in this book at almost every available opportunity to expound little lessons in patriotism and morals. While many of the ethical statements may be perfectly true, the idea of making a history text a vehicle for teaching all sorts of things in addition to history presents two problems of considerable importance: the function of a teacher of history, and the danger of opening the schools to all types of propaganda. The problem is a particularly delicate one when it is a question of ethics, and especially acute when the vehicle is a textbook designed to inculcate a nationalism so undiscriminating as to be actually vicious in its ultimate effect. Even the most rampant Prussian nationalist would blush with shame at putting in the schools such a transparent piece of special pleading. Yet in America it is endorsed by some of our most respectable organizations.

The Law and the Public

LECTURES ON LEGAL TOPICS, 1921-1922. By JAMES N. ROSENBERG, ALLEN WARDWELL, CHARLES M. HOUGH, ROBERT T. SWAINE, BENJAMIN N. CARDOZO, LEARNED HAND, CARLOS C. ALDEN, HAMPTON L. CARSON, FRANCIS J. SWAYZE, SIR JOHN W. SALMOND, CHARLES J. DOHERTY, AUGUSTUS N. HAND, HENRY M. POWELL, WILLARD BARTLETT. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $3.50.

LAW REFORM: Papers and Addresses by a Practicing Lawyer. By HENRY W. TAFT. The same. $3.

Reviewed by GILBERT H. MONTAGUE

Of the New York Bar

IN 1907, the lectures which Mr. James C. Carter had prepared for delivery at Harvard Law School on "Law: Its Origin, Growth and Function" were posthumously published by his partner and executor, Mr. Lewis Cass Ledyard. In the nearly twenty years that have passed since Mr. Carter's book was published, there has occurred in this field a brilliant renaissance, which has been little noticed by the general public, or by the sister sciences of philosophy, economics, sociology, government. Conspicuous among those who have helped in this awakening are Mr. Justice [illegible] the Supreme Court of the United States, Roscoe Pound, who is now the [illegible] professor of jurisprudence at

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and our own Judge Cardozo, who just recently has received the extraordinary compliment of being nominated by both political parties to be the next Chief Judge of the highest court in the State of New York. Responsiveness to present-day needs and conditions, willingness to learn from sociology and philosophy, as well as from tradition and history, and the conviction that law is simply part of the human machinery of living, and needs occasional new parts, and sometimes partial rebuilding, just like any other machinery, are the salient tenets of the now dominant legal philosophy. How pervasive and unescapable is the influence of this school is illustrated in the two books here under review.

"Lectures on Legal Topics, 1921-1922" comprises lectures and addresses that were delivered during this period before the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. "Law Reform" comprises papers and addresses, dealing chiefly with one or another aspect of legal progress, that have been written or delivered during the past few years by Mr. Taft, who is a former president of this Association.

The Association of the Bar of the City of New York is not an audience of theorists or philosophers. Here are busy, hard-working lawyers, immersed in a profession that is conservative because its essential function is to conserve society, and weighed down with all the responsibilities that attend upon active and important practice in the financial and business heart of America. These are the audiences, however, which today are inviting and encouraging the expression of the latest trends and the most profound novelties in the present renaissance of American legal philosophy. As these books show, a new legal literature is now flowering, which not only surpasses in literary excellence most of the earlier American legal writing, but stylistically equals any of the contemporary writing that is being done in philosophy, economics, sociology or government.

The vivacious address of United States District Judge Learned Hand on "The Deficiencies of Trials to Reach the Heart of the Matter," the piquant address of United States Circuit Judge Charles M. Hough on "Criminal Causes in the Courts of the United States," the discriminating address of United States District Judge Augustus N. Hand on "Constitutional Law in America," and the epochal address of Judge Cardozo on "Progress in the Law: A Ministry of Justice," from which already have flowed the revitalizing work of the American Law Institute and many another organized effort to cure the anachronisms of the law, are masterpieces that, like Cardinal Newman's "Idea of a University," and "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," may joyfully be read and relished for their style, quite regardless of the proposals that they were written to support.

Will this surprising literary excellence, in a field which most readers have heretofore avoided as a Sahara of dulness, succeed in luring the general public into discovering for itself, and adequately appreciating, the tremendous significance of these new trends in American legal philosophy? Today, as Mr. Taft says, the greatest obstacle to legal reform lies in the invincible indifference of the public. Though legal reform would benefit the public most, and the lawyers and the judges least, it is today almost impossible to enlist in legal reform anybody except the lawyers and the judges. Perhaps Mr. Taft, with that acumen and humor for which he and his distinguished brother are famous, will some day tell us why this is so, and how it can be cured. Certainly the present situation is completely the reverse of conditions as they existed eighty years ago.

When Charles Dickens was writing "Bleak House," and Brougham was thundering his attacks against the anachronisms of English legal machinery, it was the lawyers and the judges, with a few honorable exceptions, who were unsympathetic and hostile to any proposal for change. Today it is the public that is inert and apathetic to legal reform. Every thoughtful lawyer knows that this is true. The Harvard Law School, at the present moment, is asking from its graduates and their friends a five-million-dollar endowment, and is basing its appeal on the carefully reasoned argument that, unless American lawyers assume the burden of formulating measures of reform, the work of correcting alarming social conditions will not be done by anyone else.

Sure, it is disappointing, as Mr. Taft contends, that it should be so difficult today to interest the public in vital matters that are wholly in its own interest. But when great lawyers, like Mr. Carter, and Mr. Taft, in the flood tide of their professional practice, and great judges, like Mr. Justice Holmes, and Judge Cardozo, and Judge Hough, and Judge Hand, in the midst of their judicial labors, are willing, without hope of any applause from the public, to spend their scanty leisure unstintedly in exploring new regions of legal philosophy and in furthering the cause of legal reform, the law can never be regarded as a backward science, nor can its leaders ever be called legalistic.

A Novel Witty and Wise

RETURN TO BONDAGE. By BARBARA BLACKBURN. New York: The Dial Press. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

FROM the mass of laborious fiction about the modern girl and the conflict of generations, this emerges as a story wise, witty, and free-moving. It is about two English girls, their parents and their lovers. The book is as feminine in substance as a tale by Dorothy Canfield or Kathleen Norris; but in its detachment more like the work of G. B. Stern or Virginia Woolf. It neither ogles youth nor mocks. It bends a gaze steady and benign upon that timeless and unfathomable mystery.

There is timeliness enough on the surface. If the style has a faint demure Jane Austenish flavor, the place and time are modern.

> One night the Rivers gave a dance for Joan's birthday, to which they invited the youth of half the country. . . . A pleasant performance and a charming sight. Seen with an unfettered eye, however, the couples seemed strangely ill-assorted; the girls, colored like large tropical insects, partnered with young men dressed like blackbirds.—"I suppose they are enjoying themselves," said Mrs. Bewlay to her friend Mrs. Oliphant, "but they certainly don't *look* as if they are."—Indeed, nearly every face that passed the sofa where the ladies sat wore an intensely serious expression, as if the next step were to be taken at great cost.

Joan Rivers is restless with youth unfulfilled, "piqued to life and charm by danger." She wishes to dare and to appear daring; but nothing satisfies her: "At the end of the evening she had, on the whole, regrets; perceiving the gulf between truth and reality which in youth seems impassable, but which narrows with the years till we cannot see where the division has been." There is a steady-going Eric in store for Joan; but not till she has done her experimenting and had her fling with other men—in a fashion which would have disqualified her for an Eric of two generations ago. When Joan tells this Eric that she has been another man's mistress, he blinks and gulps, and swallows the pill, and apparently never thinks of it again.

* * *

The other girl, Laura Oliphant, is of the negative type, full of sweetness, but without Joan's brains or spirit. She is a slave to friendship, and a slave to love. Unluckily the man to whom she subjects herself is a selfish bounder; but there is no escape for the Lauras, whether of a Victorian or the present enlightened period. Even for the Joans (says the tale) marriage, the "bondage" of an orderly sex-relation, offers the only real safety. Joan's mother, ignorant of the extent of Joan's wildness, is glad to have her take the solid Eric: "She was now secure from the dangers of her own wildness. . . .She would now grow up, learn to enjoy herself within the pleasant area of the lawful. All her originality and daring would flow into social channels, guided by the tenderness of her steady husband. Eric had now taken over Joan, and he could be depended upon."

Smilingly we listen in on good Mrs. Oliphant's thoughts, and acknowledge that there is much in them. In similar fashion we share the inarticulate philosophy of the solid Eric, who at last accepted by his Joan,

> could not afford to worry over the puzzle and sting of femininity. He could not understand, but he could enjoy. . . . How smooth and pleasant a place would be a world run by men! We should keep to time; carry out our work, and turn to our play. All would be run as by clockwork. We should be playing with all our strength, not with our left hands. However, the gods have given us women; let us rather allow them to attract us, than yield to that reverse side of their power over us which means antagonism.

An uncommonly quotable book.

A Burke Novel

THE SUN IN SPLENDOUR. By THOMAS BURKE. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by MONTGOMERY BELGION

"THE SUN IN SPLENDOUR" has no direct symbolical significance. The novel takes its title from the name of a public house (in one word, a saloon) in Islington, London, N. Much of London, N., in general, is squalid, and most of Islington, in particular, consists of rows of mean cottages and of streets of once genteel but now decaying houses, the whole thickly encased in grime. Islington makes one think of a cancer. But it is well-known that from the foulest soil may blossom forth beautiful flowers.

The landlord of the Sun in Splendour has a hobby. It is to execute some of the string quartets of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, in collaboration with two friends and his son, Christopher. He has another son, Eric, who, caring not for music, becomes a "motor bandit" and is killed, fittingly, in a motor accident. But Christopher, it seems, has glimpses of achieving musical greatness. On the way to such achievement he gets a job as orchestra conductor at the Sistine Cinema. Hearing so much jazz, he improvises one day in the pub parlor a peppy little one-step which at once catches the ear of a restaurant proprietor named Perrinchief. The latter notes it down, and, with Christopher's good at heart, ornaments it with a lyric of his own and then, unbeknown to the young composer, has it published. Christopher is furious, but the one-step takes London by storm and at the end of the first three months he receives no less than $17,000 in royalties.

It is De Florent, Christopher's music teacher and exemplar, since he himself is the conductor of a restaurant band, who points the moral:

> Yes; I always feel sorry for the man with one poor talent. He was hit pretty hard because he'd obviously got a little touch above the one talent, or he wouldn't have hidden it. The little bit more that isn't enough. One talent—and a half. Those men are sad cases. The homeless. The spiritually intermediate.

* * *

Alas and alack! it is, one fears, a moral that applies only too well to Mr. Burke as to his creature. He had his one talent. He revealed it in "Limehouse Nights" and "Twinkletoes." He had a touch of something more, perhaps. That was suggested in "The Wind and the Rain." But, not content, he has attempted far, far more in "The Sun in Splendour," and he has attempted too much; he has flown too high. He has sought to portray a young musician with "a talent—and a half," and he has not succeeded. To have succeeded he would have had to show Christopher actually developing; he only takes him through a series of incidents.

Nevertheless, if the main portrait fails, there remain the accessory details. What of them? There are farcical fragments that may appeal if they do not prove too long drawn-out: Mrs. Greenspan's Sunday dinner at the Negrettis, for example. There are such things as thunderstorms which it takes two pages to describe, though in Islington thunderstorms seem to be much as they are elsewhere. There are sociological disquisitions, such as the one on Soho which portrays a certain snobbishness on Mr. Burke's part regarding "the provinces and the suburbs." There is melodrama, e. g., the flight of the motor bandits, but it requires a map to be appreciated. Finally, there is Connie.

You remember Twinkletoes was in charge of a horrible woman with "long, cruel hands?" Twinkletoes reappeared in many of Mr. Burke's short stories, the victim of a wicked guardian, uncle, or aunt. And under the name of Connie here she is once more in "The Sun in Splendour." Here she is, more unfortunate than ever. Luxuriant are the details of Mr. Greenspan's preparation for an orgy with her and "the thing on the sofa." Poor Connie with the auburn ringlets! When at last she escapes from the clutches of Mrs. Greenspan, she is not safe yet. She meets in the dark a gentleman—well, the French call that sort of gentleman *un satyre*. Still later, she is nearly violated by an ex-"fence." Poor little Connie! She has no connection whatever with the evolution of Christopher. Why, do you imagine, is she in the story?

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The Epic of the Trader's Wife

BY THE CITY OF THE LONG SAND, A Tale of New China. By ALICE TISDALE HOBART. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

MY eyes run along the shelves of my bookcases. There stand, hundreds of the books on China. Their variety is infinite. They run the gamut from "Bellum Tartaricum," a tiny battered volume "printed for John Crook and sold at his Shop at the Sign of the Ship in St. Paul's Church-yard 1654;" to the sumptuous catalogue of the Eumorfopoulos collection, published the other day by Benn Brothers. There are learned tomes by Jesuit missionaries, and superficial sketches by twentieth century globe-trotters, yet among them all there is no book in the least like this. It has remained for Mrs. Hobart to write the "epic of the trader's wife."

And very beautiful it is. The essentials of an epic are, according to Aristotle, "a dignified theme, organic unity, and an orderly progress of the action." These essentials Mrs. Hobart provides, and I think that she is the first writer to recognize the high office, the romantic appeal of international trade.

President Eliot once remarked upon the new position held in the twentieth century by the Commerce of Nations, and upon the necessity of highly educated, self-sacrificing men to conduct it. He could not but be pleased with Mrs. Hobart's fine, high-spirited point of view. To her the life of a trader's wife is not one spent in the selfish, sordid pursuit of wealth. Far from it; she feels herself a vital cog of the great machine which radiates as she says from

> the home office building of our company. Twenty stories high it rose sheer from the pavement. . . . There it stood, the American castle of a twentieth century empire, an empire of business, an empire of oil. Here in an Eastern City, my husband in his office and I in this Company house, carried on for it. . . . No daughter of the Revolution could feel more pride in her ancestors than I do in my commercial forbears, the young and daring captains of those first sailing vessels of ours, who determined to break their way into the Asia trade which had lain so long in the hollow of Great Britain's hand and under the heel of Holland. . . . They were the hunters; we are the homesteaders. A Nation's frontiers, whether of land or trade, have but the transient quality of wanderers' night camps until women come and make homes for their men. . . . I could hold up my head in pride and take my place in the procession with the women of the Mayflower and the Covered Wagon.

The "Empire of Trade;" this is Mrs. Hobart's "dignified theme;" and as empire builders have always found help in symbols and panoplies, so she finds inspiration in the poems of Kipling and stimulus in fluttering flags. "On week days over each of my houses," she writes, "has floated the blue flag of the company, and on Sundays the Stars and Stripes."

The organic unity of the epic is perfectly preserved, nor does the action fail in orderly progress. Mrs. Hobart describes the different stations where with marvellous resource worthy of all emulation she created a series of "homes." All these stages are described with a vividness as absolute as that of the sixteen unusually beautiful photographs used in illustration. Mrs. Hobart observes keenly—has a pictorial imagination, and writes extremely well. Her Prologue takes the form of an ancient legend dealing with the marvellous coloring of China, the red brown North, and the jade-green South. It is a beautiful piece of prose.

Yet it is with a feeling of profound discouragement that I turn the closing pages of "By the City of the Long Sand, A Tale of the New China." What has Mrs. Hobart told of *China* old or new? *"Nothing"* is the inevitable reply. To be sure she mentions a battle which swept through her very garden; but the soldiers seemed to melt away as they came, with the inconsequence of those warriors who sprang from the dragons' teeth sown by Cadmus long ago. She speaks of famine, and commiserates with the country of her sojourn; "Poor, tortured China; poor, broken, military ridden China; bandit afflicted China;" she frequently comments upon the superstition of her servants; and speaks again and again of the "growing hatred of the foreigner." She wonders what experience must come before "the long struggle for brotherhood of trade will be realized."

Can one answer to her question be found between the lines of her own book? Filled with patriotism and high ideals, selfless in her devotion to a cause, Mrs. Hobart marches forward, the blue flag of the company held aloft on one hand, the stars and stripes on the other, and it seems that the fluttering tips join before her and close the horizon. I say "seems" because it is difficult to believe that so intelligent an observer can have neglected entirely a study of the civilization into which foreign trade must be woven,—yet, so it *seems*.

The pushing forward of frontiers must be attended by annihilation on one side or the other, or by a mutual comprehension and agreement. The covered wagons of yesterday advanced into a country inhabited by bisons and Red Indians; nor can the result be described as entirely satisfactory to either Indians or bisons. It is obviously an experiment which cannot be repeated.

The pioneer of tomorrow must be armed with the shield of comprehension, he must, to use a Chinese expression, "see with the eyes and hear with the ears of those on the four sides;" his equipment of yesterday is insufficient. In the words of the prophetess of the twentieth century "Patriotism is not enough."

L. Adams Beck

DREAMS AND DELIGHTS. By L. ADAMS BECK. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1926.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

THE name of E. Barrington, author of "Glorious Apollo" (Byron) and "The Divine Lady" (Hamilton) has been better known than that of L. Adams Beck, author of "The Key of Dreams," "The Treasure of Ho," "The Ninth Vibration," and other novels concerned with the romance and religion of Asia. Now it appears that the two are one, and it is rumored that the author thinks more highly of the work of the less celebrated Beck than of the more celebrated Barrington.

Illustration by Charles Boardman Robinson for "Once on a Time," by A. A. Milne (Putnams).

Probably she is right; at any rate novelistic biography is not attractive to me. The subject is large and the discussion of it would be out of place here, but it comes to this; that no one whose life and personality is richly on record in Works, Lives, Letters, Memoirs, or Recollections, is a good subject for a novel. To put fancy face to face in competition with reality is bad for fancy. "Lady Rose's Daughter" is a poor thing, wooden and thin, compared with the letters of Mlle. de Lespinasse. None but George Moore could have written his Abelard and Heloise, but reading the actual words of those famous lovers drives the novel away into the limbo of futility.

"Dreams and Delights" is a collection of eleven stories. The first, "V. Lydiat" is a tale of dreaming double, like Peter Ibbetson. The two dreamers lost the power when they met and were married. The Hindu pundit told them that they had exchanged a rose tree for a rose, meaning that the powers of the soul were a living growth whereas this human happiness had no roots. The last, "The Man Without a Sword," perhaps the strongest of the eleven, is a tale of Japan. The more one thinks it over the more it seems a remarkable piece of work, both in substance and technique. It leaves one with the sense of a new insight, for instance, into the psychology that lies behind both the system of defense and attack called "jujitsu," and still more into the psychology of those diminutive Japanese gardens. "The Sea of Lilies" is descriptive of Ceylon; "The Island of Pearls," of certain Budhist monasteries on an island off the coast of China; "The Pilgrimage to Amarnath," of the Himalayas. "The Bride of a God," "The Beloved of the Gods," "The Marriage of the Princess," and "The Hidden One" are tragedies of the women of old India. "The Wisdom of the Orient" is a clever parable on feminism. "Stately Julia" should perhaps have been signed "E. Barrington." It is a resurrection of the poet Herrick.

The faith, or the discipline, shadowed forth or suggested in several of these stories has filled the inner life of millions of men, who have testified to its unmeasurable value and substantial truth. Whether the handling of it here has anything other than a literary value I am not able to say. Occasionally it seems penetrative, but one suspects all occidental treatment of it as superficial. A literary criticism might be that the author is more or less pursued by an unappropriate demon called sentimentalism.

Nevertheless I suspect that the author is right, if as rumored, she believes the work of L. Adams Beck (socially Mrs. Adams Beck) of more importance than the work of E. Barrington. Mrs. Beck is the daughter of the explorer, Admiral Moresby, has lived for many years in the East, and now lives, it is said, in British Columbia.

Fairy Tale of the Metropolis

THE FLYING KING OF KURIO. By WILLIAM ROSE BENET. New York: George H. Doran. 1926.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM
Author of "The King of Ireland's Son"

"THE FLYING KING OF KURIO" is as a story, ingenious and novel, but ingenuity and novelty are the least of its qualities. It is an imaginative story, and it has that sort of imagination that is in Mr. Benét's poems—an imagination that shows a delight in things and in creatures, in speed and in brightness, and that is happy in the devising of incidents. It is the right sort of imagination to go into the making of a children's book.

I have to go back to the ingenuity and the novelty of the story. It is of the metropolis as other children's stories are of the countryside; in it apartment-houses are taken for granted just as cottages and castles have been taken for granted. Elves that are proper to New York figure in it. It is a story for children who have visited the great hotels, have been excited about aeroplanes, who have looked at maps, and who have in their minds a juvenile pattern of our political world. And it is a fairy story—undoubtedly a fairy story.

The scene of the story is New York City and the secret country of Kafiristan. There are two children in it, Michael and Amanda: they are fortunate enough to discover what children are always longing to come into—a house apart from the house that their family live in. It is an apartment very near their own apartment: they can go into it through the cupboard when their elders are not about. And the people in this apartment are very odd and at the same time very sympathetic; they have arrangements that grown-up people seldom think of having—a Hall of Odd Moments, for instance, decorated with pictures that they themselves have painted—"Red Indians Pursuing the Purple Whale" and "The Persian King's Picnic;" they have a Camping Room and a Tower Room; Mr. Tractable—for the people are Mr. and Mrs. Tractable—makes plans and inventions, and he shows the children his architectural plan for "A Recreation Home for Superannuated Cats." He has his business mail sent to him by aeroplane from Kafiristan; he has invented the aeroplane, and his son Verry operates it. The Tractables are just the sort of people that children would like to visit.

Visits to the Tractable apartment always led to exciting and interesting happenings. On the third visit the children got to know Ignatius Halloran who drove the Interplanetary Bus; a man who had red hair and who sang very persistently the songs out of the Interplanetary Bus Drivers' Union Handbook, and they heard about bad Mr. Wimperden and the plans he had for destroying the benignant government of the secret country of Kafiristan. And then there was that dash to Kafiristan in Verry's Butterfly and Halloran's Interplanetary Bus, and there was the Ambush in the Clouds, and the Kidnapping in the Flying House, and the recovery of Eliphalet Eagle, and the clearing up of everything

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on the Roof Garden of the Ritz before the Lion who used to spend his vacation and who was most at home on the Roof Garden. He was a very special Lion indeed, being none other than Leo of the Constellation. He spoke in a velvet rumble. And on the Roof Garden too was discovered, in the person of a waiter, a man who had disturbed the Tractables by making the Sign of the Ostrich from Madison Square, and we get to know what part he had to play in the hidden life of Mr. and Mrs. Tractable. The humor and fantasy that are in this scene on the Roof Garden are characteristic of William Rose Benét's story-telling.

There are about a dozen nonsense poems in "The Flying King of Kurio," all of them all that nonsense verse should be. The story is written with such high spirits that it puts one in high spirits to read it—William Rose Benét does what so few writers of our time do—puts a happy mood into his story-telling.

Pioneer Children

ON TO OREGON. By Honoré Willsie Morrow. New York: William Morrow. 1926. $1.75.

Reviewed by Daniel Henderson
Author of "Boone of the Wilderness"

WHEN a novelist of note makes an excursion into the world of juvenile literature, youth is the gainer. And when the novelist takes as her subject the era of pioneer achievement and brings to the children of this luxurious age the story of the amazing heroism and endurance of the youngsters who traveled the Indian-beset transcontimental trail, then indeed there is cause for those concerned about the ideals of the boy and sub-deb to be glad.

Honoré Willsie Morrow, in her book "On to Oregon," has gleaned richly in the path of Francis Parkman. Her story of the trek of the orphaned Sager children brings us a fresh intimation of the unexhausted mines of romance in American pioneer history.

One day in 1844, Dr. Whitman and his wife Narcissa, looking out from their mission-house by the Columbia River, saw staggering along the trail from the east a strange group. The leader and patriarch was thirteen-year-old John Sager, his bare feet tied up with pieces of buffalo hide, and his long yellow hair bound back from his eyes by a twist of leather round his forehead. On his back was his little sister Matilda; in his arms nestled in a wolf-skin, the baby Henrietta, born on the trail—a skeleton babe, motionless as death. Then came the lone horse Betsy, with two children on her back, and, bringing up the rear, his younger brother Francis, dragging his sister Elizabeth. The children had traveled alone from South Pass, an incredible journey of a thousand miles.

It is of this strange pilgrimage that Mrs. Morrow has made herself historian—first the story of the ambition of the father, a Missouri farmer, to own a homestead in Oregon, and help to prevent the British from taking possession of the Oregon country; the experiences of the family with a caravan of trappers, traders, and settlers; the meeting with Kit Carson; the death of the parents, the resolve of John, the elder son, to "carry on" and bring his flock across the Rockies.

The author a mother herself, understands the language of youth, and has told her story with a simplicity, directness, and vividness that will capture and hold the attention of every boy and girl who opens the book.

Treasure-Trove

ANOTHER TREASURY OF PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. With illustrations by Tony Sarg. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1926. $3.

WHEN Montrose J. Moses promises anything like "A Treasury of Plays for Children," he is as good as his word. He actually does produce real dramatic treasure. We can think of no better book than this to put into the hands of boys and girls from ten years old on to high school age, especially if they are inclined towards play-acting and what normal child isn't inclined that way at the very slightest excuse? Most don't need any excuse at all to prance before the footlights rigged out as a pirate or a princess or some other equally entrancing character.

Mr. Moses has shown great resourcefulness and skill in making his selection of plays. The dozen he has chosen are varied and contrasted not only as to text and type but as to length as well. Here we find Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" settled as a near-neighbor of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," and the "Racketty-Packetty" people of Frances Hodgeson Burnett's doll-house romance sandwiched between "Don Quixote" and a play by Lord Dunsany. All this is as it should be, for growing youngsters must have all kinds and sorts of plays to try their teeth on, dramatically speaking. Teachers and parents will be especially grateful for the real wealth of good material crowded into the book, besides all the fun and gaiety and spirit of make-believe. After the thin and clap-trap plays hastily jumbled together for children to learn and act, these charmingly, and in many cases maturely, written plays, should be hailed with joy everywhere. We own to a thrill of delighted excitement at reading "Racketty-Packetty House" again after nearly thirteen years, and the rhymes of "The Mikado" never did seem more amazing to us. Here, too, is our old favorite of Portmanteau Theatre days, Stuart Walker's dramatization of "The Birthday of the Infanta," and "Treasure Island," and an earlier A. A. Milne play called "Make-Believe." There is also a particularly interesting and imaginative little play by Lord Dunsany about the boy inventor, James Watt, and his discovery of steam. It sounds as if it couldn't be a play at all fashioned out of such strange dramatic material. But it is, and a most unusual and a beautiful one, too.

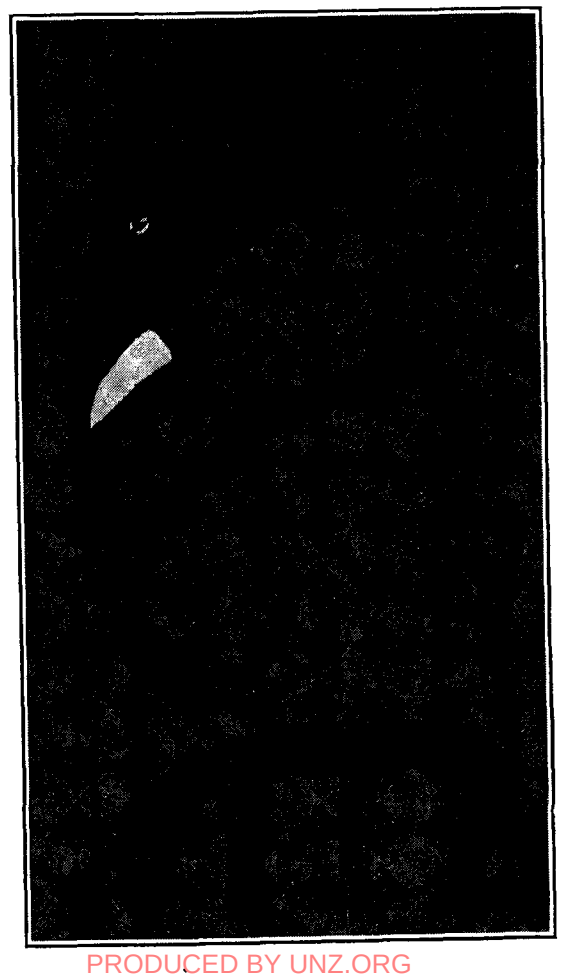
There are helpful notes all along the way, practical notes and real suggestions, not just wordy explanations that no one wants to read. Mr. Moses also gives many charming and informal notes about the plays themselves, how they first came to be produced, and in many cases his personal recollections of them and little incidents about the authors. His book is a joy from cover to cover, worth ten of the year's ordinary juveniles.

Ebenezer the Devout Elephant

IN Ebenezer the brow of Cæsar
Broods o'er the eye of Mars;
His trunk is slender, his heart is tender,
His thoughts are fixed on the stars.

They put a teaser to Ebenezer,
They asked him why fishes swim.
He did not answer—as no man can, sir—
And oh, the wisdom of him!

If, Ebenezer, I had your beezer,
I might look dignified.
But—vain to importune fickle Fortune—
That gift is still denied.



The Mona Lizer,—oh, Ebenezer, —
I might have painted rare-o
Like Leonardo,—or been a bard-o
Like T. Vergilius Maro.

But not *this* geezer! So, Ebenezer,
Of *nothing* I can be proud;
Alas, Great Cæsar, how Fortune flees,—her
Wheel awhirl in the cloud!

The Mexique greaser, my Ebenezer,
Surpasses me in worth.
Therefore—how happy I am, old chappie,
That you are here on earth!

Isabel the Aloof Tigress

I CALLED to Isabel. She would not come.
I stood outside her cage and simply bawled.
My voice got hoarse. I thought, "I'm going dumb!"
"O-o-o-o-oh *IS-ABEL!*" I called.
I sadly turned away. I had no choice.
She would not recognize her master's voice.

I wandered weeping to a butcher's shop.
Blinded with tears I bought a pound of steak,
A leg of lamb, and English mutton chop,
And certain strings of sausages they make.
Slowly I then retraced my steps. "My dear,"
I murmured as I entered, "Can you hear?"

She switched around as though she had been shot.
She bounded forth and fell upon the meat.
She ate it where I left it—on the spot
Whence I decamped with all too-hurried feet.
From round the door I watched her frantic feast;
And, "*Oh*," I wailed, "Oh Isabel, *you beast!*"

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Henry Seidel Canby ..... *Editor*
William Rose Benét ..... *Associate Editor*
Amy Loveman ..... *Associate Editor*
Christopher Morley ..... *Contributing Editor*

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Ezekiel the Dreaming Eagle

DREAM on, Ezekiel, dream!
The clouds like clotted cream
Around your eyrie hover.
What are you doing here
In all too-human gear,
As wall-flower or as lover?

Perchance you're at a dance,
Or on your way to France;
There's no construing!
I note you're in a daze.
Come—put it in a phrase:
What *are* you doing?

He perches as if stuffed, he
Looks strange enough in *mufti*.
His gaze is far.
I wonder, does he ponder
A country home out yonder,
A club, a motor car?

I had no more suggestions,
So left him with these questions.
I hopped upon a bus.
I've never seen so regal
An old bald-headed eagle
Making so little fuss.

He vexed me with his mystery.
He seemed to have a history
Out of the common rut.
I dwindled in the distance
Repeating with insistence,
"I *wish* you'd tell me *what*—?"

William Rose Benét.

The annual catalogue of "The Mosher Books" has just made its appearance. Book-lovers familiar with these publications will remember a little duo-decimo of about 200 pages, printed on hand-made paper, bound in blue boards, entitled "Amphora," published in 1912. Mr. Mosher had the habit of enriching his catalogues by using their blank pages for printing selections of prose and verse that appealed to his fancy, together with some of the "Forewords" which his catalogues contained for many years. The book was a gem still treasured by many booklovers. It had long been Mr. Mosher's purpose to make a second collection of rare verse and prose, selected from his catalogues from 1912 to 1923, intending to publish them in a satisfactory format when death frustrated his plan. This has now been done by other hands. A new volume, "Amphora: A Second Collection," with a portrait of Mr. Mosher, together with several tributes to his life and work, taking on the character of a memorial, will be published this season. Booklovers fond of "The Mosher Books" will want this delightful companion volume to "Amphora" of 1912.

The BOWLING GREEN

The Folder

I HAVE spoken before of the Folder in which one stows away odds and ends of clipping or correspondence or blurb, the things that one feels may come in useful some Bad Evening when there is nothing whatever in the mind to be written about. Then one turns hopefully to the Folder, whose miscellaneous riches are frequently of too fruity a sort to be easily renderable into print. But from it something always emerges. Let us see.

First of all, the rumor that the Nonesuch Press is about to proceed to a republication of "Irene Iddesleigh," Britain's classic of unintentional merriment, written by Mrs. Amanda Ros, suggests that we might issue another extract from one of our own favorites, "The Spanish Sultry," by Ambrose Dargason (Harrisburg, 1905). We have quoted this work before, and may again.

Mrs. Henry Shingle, unusual among ladies of Monongahela County in being unquestionably a person of specific appeal toward unconscientious gentry, had nevertheless made a loyal Presbyterian struggle against the disorderly suggestions bequeathed to her powerful bosom by an ancestry which had been spasmodic and illicit. So she was a person of aliquot parts, her mind was often troubled by froward imaginations, but she rarely uttered words to that effect. Little ripples of vulgarity ran through her intellect, which in a writer of fiction would have been profitable no doubt, but with womanly prudence she did not reveal these regrets to the other mourners, but pickled them whole in the dark brine of matronly reservation. The deceased would have been surprised, perhaps even pleased, now that he was done with such perplexities, to know how unmatronly her meditations were with regard to his truncated career. But she was obsequious in the extreme, no one at the funeral gave a better emphasis of sorrow, and hove to among gusts of female hysteria she rode upon the anchor of what certainly looked like a stalwart faith. Henry knew better, but like the business man he was he said nothing.

Many of her troubles no doubt were caused by faulty circulation, certainly her husband had been embittered by the extreme chill of her extremities, the whole of her system as she called it, though too unexpected in some respects for the scientific word, from the knees downward, was frequently obsessed by strong venous chills which contracted the palms of her feet. She complained like the old king in the Bible of this, they were as cold as ice, nor did the old king's remedy appeal to her as at all liable to prove efficient; besides the virgins of Monongahela County, she at any rate supposed, were long since asleep at this hour of the night. There was nothing to be done but complain to her husband, which she was prompt to do, but he, sombre with accretions of woe, paid too impersonal heed to her anxieties. Disregarding the anguish of those womanly rondures and chilled extremes he merely remarked "Why don't you get out another blanket?" and went down cellar to open the draught of the furnace.

The next item we find in the Folder is a letter from a publisher of "Remembrance Advertising."

We are writing to ask you if you would be interested in writing several things for us and what you would charge for several eight and twelve line sentiments using subject matter, poem, friendship, and a sentiment to couple up with the picture of a beautiful little baby.

A letter from P. E. G. Quercus, the bookseller, says "I have been making an intensive study of advertising, and it occurs to me that someone should parody Kipling's famous quatrain. In fact I have done so, to this effect:—

PUBLISHER'S CONFESSION

I had five serving men, by gosh,
They taught me all I knew:—
Their names are Hokum, Bunk, and Bosh,
And Blurb and Ballyhoo.

Mr. Quercus adds: "If the *Saturday Review* wants to run a really interesting piece about bookstores, get someone in Seattle to write you about Harry Hartman's little bookshop in that city. It is the only bookshop I know which is run by a blind man, and so excellently managed that a casual customer would hardly guess the proprietor's disability."

The ingenious and prospering proprietor of the Book of the Month Club sends a letter that was sent to him protesting against his having printed a photo of one of his Committee of Judges smoking a pipe. The protest says:—

"Why should you insult a great many people by sending a picture of a man with a pipe in his mouth? Is that the highest ideal that both the publishers and the man has, to flaunt a pipe as the ideal for the literary people to have as an incentive? What kind of an influence will such a picture have when so many are trying to get rid of the tobacco curse?"

A literary critic in London writes: "Whitehead's 'Science and the Modern World' is a grand book. Was it ever reviewed, I wonder in the *S. R.?* Came out 1925 but would be worth a leader now. A grand book. You read it and see."

"Most men of letters," writes a delightfully disillusioned client in West Chester, "especially in social intercourse, are as interesting as the Radio Announcers who spoil pleasant musical evenings. I am sure you will take this suggestion more kindly than a venerable pundit, formerly a university head, who, at an otherwise jolly dinner party, with pretty women there, was browbeating someone. I bottled him up for a breathing spell and got the table down to normal. I overheard him speak of an 'anthropomorphic' conception of the deity. I interrupted with, 'Why, Chancellor, as you are describing moods and feelings, anthropomorphic cannot be in your mind, it must be anthropopathic.' He gave me a dirty look and said, 'of course, Professor, that is just what I was going to say, anthropopathic.'"

Marion Smith, the cheerful bookseller at 7 East 39th Street, writes that the first sale consummated in her new shop was a copy of Galsworthy's "Caravan." She adds "This happily falls in with the views of the proprietor, who believes that good books should live longer than a season. Among the things I continue to sell is a book you steered me to some years ago, 'A Room With a View,' by E. M. Forster. I have been selling it ever since."

You are too wise to imagine that all the miscellanies that accumulate in the Folder are of a satiric or chaffish nature. Here, at the very bottom of the pile, is a little document that has been saved for three years. It is an extract from a letter from a very distinguished American writer, whom I regard as one of our most thoughtful critics though he is very rarely heard from. (Perhaps the "though" in that sentence is unnecessary.) He wrote:—

I was not disheartened by the fact that the article was returned. I expected that it would be returned. For the last twenty years of my sojourn in the world I have expected nothing, so I have virtually never been disappointed. All the mental aches and agonies of my life came in the previous years, when I looked for much and received little. I write most of my pieces, and even books, as another man plays solitaire, only for my own amusement. There is the most tremendous fun in writing, I find, when one writes without any thought of an audience. There is much less satisfaction when one writes for an audience. In writing for the public, one usually has to compromise; in writing for oneself, one never has to do anything so direful. Is it not so?

Certainly this man lives up to his fidelity of silence. He left New York three years ago and we have heard no word from or of him since. And, perversely constituted as I am, I would almost rather hear his opinions on what goes on in the world of books than those of any other current chrysostom. Perhaps—I must retaliate greatly to the delightfully courteous malice of his dainty question at the end—there can be as much pose in speaking too rarely as in speaking too often.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Wood and the Trees

(*Continued from page* 269)

is a loveable trait, and it accounts for the figures into which book-sales run in these states. A best-seller in England may attain but two or three thousand buyers. Over here, even allowing for the comparative size of the two countries, the best-seller draws a much larger proportional interest. We whoop things up. We boost for the present. We are impatient of the critical temper. And there is nobility in praising. But there is also a growing need for a more unsparing analysis. Otherwise our forest will become a jungle indeed. It is not that we wish to fell the new trees in favor of the old. Far from it. But just as drastic a thinning-out process should go on among the younger growths as among the elder, if we are to gain a true view of our own age's achievement.

Let us then welcome evidences of new critical interest, but let us not allow it to degenerate into a mere facility for encomium,—the method of the circus-barker in front of the big tent. Let us erect new standards founded upon all that was sound in the old, favoring experimentation but also analytical of it, bringing larger powers of comparison to bear upon it, realizing that the best service we can do for contemporary letters is so to clear the forest that we may, eventually, be able to perceive its pattern,—to see the wood because of—and not in spite of—the trees.

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Our Most Helpless Readers

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS
Editor, *The Little Delineator*

IMAGINE all our books chosen by an arbitrary committee of gods and goddesses, impatient of our real natures but loftily concerned over what is "good for us:" presenting us with "The World's Best Poets," because we do not care for verse, or imposing heavy doses of Dreiser for no other reason than our fondness for Stephen Philips. Moreover we ourselves do not write, nor can we read, the book notices and reviews couched in Olympic language for Olympic publications. The very counters displaying volumes for our consumption rise to Olympic height; giant salespeople disregard our timid wishes for flattering attention to the blind gods who decide our literary destiny.

Such has been and for the most part still is the relation of children to the world of literature. The child is the one reader who does not buy his own books. Helplessly isolated in family life, he is dependent upon adult whim, with neither ability, opportunity, nor capital to satisfy his own mental appetities.

"But I don't like that book. I want this one," whimpered a desperate small girl in a department-store book section, while her mother blandly bought a "juvenile" of her own choosing: "Helen's Babies."

In the home of a Boston blue-blood, the writer picked up a book of pleasing verse with the remark that it seemed a pity to bury its child-appeal in over-small print, severe covers and no pictures.

"Isn't that only your own sentimental idea?" reproved the mother. "Children should like literature for its own sake, not for trappings. Hilda—" she turned to her small daughter— "do you think a book needs pictures?"

"Well," admitted Hilda, wriggling, "I *like pictures.*"

"But," pursued the mother, bent only on her own point," you enjoy books just as well without them?"

"Well, but I *like pictures,*" was all she could get out of puzzled but normal Hilda.

Between the careless parent and the careful pedagogue, the luckless child has until recent years had but poor showing. Only a brief two centuries ago, two-year-old American babies were learning by heart such fiendish rhymes as this:

I, in the Burying Place may See
Graves shorter than I;
From Death's Arrest no age is free,
Young Children too may die;
My God, may such an awful Sight
Awakening be to me!
Oh! that by Grace I might
For Death prepared be.

The immoral taint of that moral age is still upon us, though to be sure in far milder and less harmful forms. Most adults however have yet to learn that to benefit the child, one must understand the child, and to understand the child, one must see him, not as we wish he were, but as he actually is.

Perhaps the most persistent adult sentimentality is the assumption that children are natural poets. Children must be poetic; it satisfies our own wistful yearnings towards that Golden Age of our own lost childhood.

Only the exceptional child, as indeed the exceptional adult, is poetic; children are not poets but imaginative realists. Their fantastic excursions into the impossible are merely a projected realism. Fairy-tales themselves deal lavishly with poisoned apples, silken raiment, whacking swords, and magically served meals. Moreover, folk lore expresses, not child-life, but the day-dreams of primitive adults. It satisfies beyond doubt a primitive child-need, and pitifully starved is the small reader denied this joy by the over-practical or the over-Freudian adult. Yet it is significant that not one collection of fairytales figures on a recent list of ten favorite juveniles, voted by children themselves, in an extensive and highly illuminating questionnaire made through the American Library Association, and published as "The Winnetka Graded Book List." *

With the coöperation of teachers and librarians in thirty-four cities, thirty-six thousand children filled a form on each book read during the year, checking the following remarks:

One of the best books I ever read. (rated 100% by the committee)
A good book. I like it. (67%)
Not so very interesting. (33%)
I don't like it. (0)

Thus, if half the children rated a book: "One of the best I ever read," and half: "A good book. I like it," the percentage of liking was 100, and the interest value 83.

The ten favorites proved to be: "Adventures of Tom Sawyer," "Black Beauty," "Call of the Wild," "Dutch Twins," "Hans Brinker," "Huckleberry Finn," "Heidi," "Little Lame Prince," "Pinocchio," "Story of Doctor Dolittle," "Toby Tyler," "Treasure Island"—all realistic stories. As compared with these "best-sellers," "A Child's Garden of Verse," "Peter Pan and Wendy," even Grimm's and Andersen's Fairy Tales, stand low on the list. "The Wonderful Adventure of Nils," by Selma Lagerlöf of the Nobel prize, was read by only ninety-nine children and liked by 78 per cent of them, while London's "Call of the Wild," read by three hundred and ninety-five children, was liked by ninety-nine per cent of the boys and ninety-five per cent of the girls.

Among interesting facts made available by this extremely intelligent piece of research is the statement that one series of books unanimously liked by children was unanimously voted "trashy" by librarians, while many books most widely distributed and recommended were least liked by the children themselves! It was found impossible, for instance, to interest young readers in Walter de la Mare's "Peacock Pie," or Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows," both poetic works highly endorsed by librarians.

That subtle and elusive sense we call poetry blossoms with the emotions of adolescence. Most of us, looking wistfully back, see only those rainbow mists; we forget the sharp, clear, and unequivocal sunlight of childhood from which we emerged.

Older boys and girls, approaching adulthood, begin to appreciate the subtler forms of literature. Humor, too, as we Olympians know it, grows with the emotional life. But to those short people ordinarily called "children," humor remains a slap-stick and primitive affair.

A theatre-full of wriggling children from ten down sat puzzled or stolid through most of a performance of Lady Gregory's "Golden Apple," a charming fairy play, full of Irish humor, and thoroughly enjoyed by two old ladies on the front row. Not until the *entreacte* did the audience come to life. Forgetting hard seats and weary dangling legs, they clapped, they shrieked, they squealed. A clown from a toy store had sidled out, with a blackboard and a handful of colored chalks. By the most unblushing primitive methods he proceeded to send his house into ecstacies. Old ladies subsided, and accompanying Olympians assumed a martyred air, forgetting that they, too, had once been children in a realistic Arcadia.

Intense interest in animals, dating from earliest attempts at "Moo moo," and "Bow-wow," is another expression of the child's primitive outlook. A publisher of linen and toy books reports that his best-sellers are always stories, first, of dogs and cats, then of rabbits, then pigs, in the order named! Outside the big cities, with their zoos, he complains, wild-animal books will not sell. Babies demand the realism of the familiar.

It is significant that among the ten most popular books in the Winnetka Graded Book List, two—"Black Beauty" and "Call of the Wild"—deal exclusively with animal life, one—"Doctor Dolittle"—tells the tale of an animal doctor and his furred and feathered friends; a fourth—"Toby Tyler"—describes circus life and circus animals.

Appropriateness to age and sex, as well as to individual interests, is an item too little considered by gift-making Olympians. I have seen a boy of eleven insulted by a birthday copy of "A Child's Garden of Verses," and a small girl of nine enraptured with the same charming edition.

The Winnetka list is full of amusing revelations. Interest in a book increases as a child approaches the corresponding reading age, and diminishes as he grows away from it. Only occasionally does the taste of boys and girls agree. While Dorothy Canfield's "Understood Betsy" was liked by almost all of the one hundred and seventy-two girls who read it, the solitary boy reader marked it zero! "Boy Mechanics," liked by practically every boy, had apparently not even been opened by a girl.

Amid such problems, what is the busy, well-meaning, but often helpless Olympian to do? Remarkable help is offered in the Winnetka Graded Book List—the choice of children, checked by expert adult opinion. Besides an illuminating introduction, explaining methods and results in detail, seven hundred books are arranged according to school grade, each with statistics of popularity and an actual comment from a child. There are also separate listings, with careful cross-references, under age, subject matter, title, and author.

In this unpretentious looking volume,* Carleton Washburne, Superintendent of Schools, Winnetka, Illinois, and his research assistant, Mabel Vogel, have made a real contribution to childhood. By going to the children themselves, they have followed the only accurate, intelligent and truly kindly method—the scientific. Their work represents more than a useful list for parents, educators, and librarians. It points a new method for securing good children's books.

Despite the hopeful fact that not one of the ten favorites was voted "trashy" by librarians, and seven were recommended as of high literary value, it is true that children cannot be wholly trusted to pick their own literature. Yet, from a study of their natural tastes, even for "trash," we may learn to provide, in most wholesome form, a diet satisfying both to the eager child and to the conscientious Olympian.

*Winnetka Graded Book List. By Carleton Washburne and Mabel Vogel. Chicago: American Library Association. 1926.

What Girls Read

By HELEN FERRIS
Editor of *The American Girl*

WHAT does the young girl from, say ten to fifteen *really* like to read?

It is a question over which many a publisher is wrinkling his brow. It was a question which was urgently before me when, three years ago, I was about to assume the direction of a girl's magazine. It is still urgent.

For years I had been more intimately associated with young girls than with any other age group. I had camped with them, worked with them, planned parties with them, hiked with them. My friends included shy girls and bold girls, conscientious girls, irresponsible girls, cultured girls, and otherwise. I had come to know what they most enjoyed doing when they were given a voice in their own affairs. But what, after all, did they like to read? If, indeed, they actually did enjoy it?

I first turned for help to librarians. And I asked them my question. The replies had an astonishing similarity, no matter what the kind of neighborhood nor the type of girl who predominated in that particular library's visitors.

What kinds of stories in recent fiction were most popular? "Mystery stories"—spoken by the librarian with an inflection which was a trifle sad. What next? Well, that depended upon the girl but it was pretty certain to be adventure stories or college or boarding school stories. So much of course depended upon the quality of the tale—animal stories, stories laid in other countries, stories in which there was some potent spiritual conflict—all were read, although the last named unfortunately not tales found in many recent books for the young, necessitating skilful and delicate treatment—in short, fine writing rather than adroitness of plot.

There was more to be learned from librarian friends. "Little Women" is still one of the books most popular among today's girls. (What the effect upon their standard of values, I wondered). Girls read boys' books. And—what was this in the corner of the Children's Room of the Forty-Second Street Library? Shelves filled with novels—chiefly of the romantic type.

The librarian explained. Those are especially for girls sixteen, fifteen, or even fourteen years of age, if they are mature in their tastes. Such girls, it seems, are neither bird nor fish. They are scarcely an asset in the adult room. But before this corner was established, they had not been able to find in the Children's Room books to their liking.

I visited book stores, talking with those in charge of girls' books. And I was given the same replies which I had received from the librarians. In the current books being written for girls, mystery stories are first in popularity—and so on.

Then I turned to the girls themselves. After all, it was to be their magazine. In our first number, we announced a What-I-Wish-in-my-Magazine Contest. The girls were to vote upon a ballot for the kinds of stories they most liked, for the kinds of special pages which they most wished to have. And each girl entering the contest was to write a chatty letter about her reading. Like the snowflakes, the letters at once arrived.

What have these hundreds of girls said about their reading?

I am looking at a graph of our last year's fiction requests. I see a toboggan—it is the mystery story curve. And these ballots have for three years borne out the librarians' experiences: first choice, mystery stories. At the top of the toboggan stand the ten-year-old girls. 100 per cent asked for mystery stories! From the ten-year olds the slide is almost without a bump to the bottom where the sixteen-year-olds emerge with forty per cent desiring mystery. There is a bump on the slide where the thirteen-year-olds are heard from, ninety per cent requesting mystery as contrasted with sixty per cent of the twelve-year-old girls and sixty-five per cent of the fourteen-year-olds. Nevertheless, mystery holds the center of the stage, with a definite decline in its popularity as the girls grow older.

But there is another toboggan. With it, the sixteen-years-olds are at the top. It is the curve for Boy and Girl stories. Triumphantly it sweeps down, but slightly bumpy here and there, to the ten-year-olds. Glancing at our Departmental choices, I find an almost identical incline with the sixteen-year-olds still at the top—the curve of desire for a "Fashion" page!

Adventure stories and boarding school stories seem forever neck and neck for second place. Indeed, the records of three years lead off with mystery first, adventure or boarding school second, without deviation. College stories, animal stories, boy and girl stories—there is the great difficulty of differentiating them by the wording on our ballots—yet the range of taste has nevertheless emerged.

And the letters! Frank? They are. Those of last year were limited to a discussion of specific stories which had appeared during the year just past, those liked, those not liked and why. In his "Creative Youth" Mr. Hughes Mearns comments upon the refusal of his young friends to be deceived by a name into ranking high certain work which is actually second-rate. Our experience bears this out. We believe that girls in their early 'teens are less readily victims of the literary "star" system than adults.

Specific comment, the girls' reaction to certain stories differs not greatly from those of the adult audience to their own books. We find many girls who object to stories because they don't like the heroine. "I didn't like that story because M— isn't the kind of girl I like for my friends," writes one girl.

There is paucity of imagination—"I didn't like those stories because nothing like that ever happened to me or my friends."

And how they do revel in the vindication of their own ethical standards! "I loved that story," says a seventeen-year-old girl in Kansas. "There was not a selfish act or thought in any of the characters."

Or—"I liked that one because it showed she could be a flapper and also a good, trustworthy girl."

There is a very real distinction to be made, however, between this propensity and the girls' feeling toward any story in which there is an obvious moral. Such a story is anathema. Its scent is on the wind and the trail is off. This revulsion is, I think, directly related to their adolescent conflict of emerging as individuals. They wish to think for themselves, to have a voice in the direction of their own affairs—yet their mothers and fathers, they feel, insist on "bossing" them, on regarding them as children, even calling them children in public! In their own reading, therefore, they at once react against anything which savors of parental dictates.

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But how the writers for girls do revel in the writing of stories with morals! In any pile of manuscript which reaches my desk, I can count upon at least half as being much more than slightly reminiscent of the old Sunday School books.

There is the demand for the literature of escape. This from a thirteen-year-old: "I like adventure stories because nowadays girls of my age rarely have really thrilling adventures. Of course, the newspapers always have a lot of true adventure stories in them, but they are not the kind of things I would like to be in. It must be nice, though, to be kidnapped and held for ransom, though you see I could never be held for ransom. Neither could any of my friends."

Plenty of thrills, yes—but an overwhelming demand for integrity of plot. "I didn't like that story because it didn't sound *true,*" writes one reader.

We have recently had an interesting return upon a general letter which we sent out, asking a miscellaneous group of girls for their opinion on certain specific pages. The resulting statistics, compiled from over sixteen hundred replies, will be of passionate interest to publishers, in particular. Ninety per cent of these girls expressed their preference for books over a variety of possible activities including athletics. But as we have talked with our girls and have written

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to them about what they most like to read, as we have searched for fiction which will meet their preferences and at the same time develop their taste for that which is fine and of artistic presentation, one question has persisted. What, after all, of *girls'* books and *boys'* books, of girls' stories and boys stories, neatly classified, neatly labelled?

Shall we ask our writers for girls' stories, of a distinctive technique, of plots which are definitely different from those written for boys? Or shall we, in describing our young audience to possible authors, stress chiefly that desire for action, for adventure, for mystery which seems to predominate?

We have come to decry this tendency toward segregation of fiction for young boys and girls. Any librarian will tell you of the girls who read boys' books with zest —their enjoyment dependent upon the vigor and excellence of the tale rather than any label which may appear on the jacket.

And what of the boys? Certain incidents in our experience would seem to be revealing. The first occurred, as I remember, about two years ago—a mother's sending of a subscription for her son. The daughter, a former subscriber, had grown up and gone to college. The son missed his sister's magazine, demanded it for its stories. It was so unusual a letter that it was routed to my desk from the subscription department.

Since, similar letters have been coming with noticeable frequency—the latest today, from a mother who writes: "You will notice that this is the second subscription from our family. Please be sure to send this copy to my son. He wants his own. Hence. . . ."

In segregating many of our books for those of this early 'teen age, have we not perhaps been the victims of an older thinking, that of a time when the daily life of the young girl and that of the young boy were more widely separated? To label adult fiction, 'For women,' For men' is unthinkable. I would make the plea that the colorful, artistic book for this age group be not so generally labelled, 'For boys'—for the tendency has been in that direction. A good book is a good book—why classify it according to the sex of reader?

In this connection, I can say that many of the best liked writers for boys have been equally acceptable to girls. The writers tell me that in writing for girls they are not conscious of any change in their technique. To be sure, they do introduce girls into their plots. But although such is the case, they do not—at our special request—eliminate boys.

Often, in going over boys' stories in which no female, old or young, is allowed to show her face, I wonder whether we may not be shying at a bogey of our adult making in thus eliminating girls and women from our young boys' stories. Of girls who are ten, eleven, twelve, and thirteen,—the moot ages for this question—we have come to disregard this as an issue. It is the quality of the story which counts with them, we have found, not the sex of the characters. Although indubitably the girls do like to have, somewhere in the story, a girl of their own approximate age.

What of our ten, eleven, twelve, and thirteen-year-old boys, I wonder? My own experience with them is limited. And yet, I *do* wonder. I present it as a problem which is of vital importance to the development of our literature for both boys and girls within this range of age. I present it as of vital importance because of the ardent interest of these boys and girls in reading and the obvious detriment to them and to our writers when a book is specifically limited to its jacket, and in the advertising of it.

Does it harm the distribution of a book when it is designated for both young boys and girls? This has been done, of course. But there is further experiment which I should like to see some venturesome publisher undertake. I should like him to take some book which he is about to publish as a boys' book. I should like him to present it as for both boys and girls. I should like him to take some vigorous book which he is about to publish as a girls' book. I should like him to present it as for both girls and boys.

In the realm of adult activity, especially in the fields of business and professional endeavor, a certain acknowledgment is gradually seeping. To be sure, still remain multitudinous generalizations: "Women are this." "Women are that." Nevertheless, the acknowledgment is growing that in determining the work which a person shall do, individual capacities and tastes are more vitally significant factors than sex. The evolutionary process of thinking of

Random Reflections

By RACHEL FIELD

WHEN we were little we had a distinct aversion to any book that bore the word "Illustrated" upon it. We somehow acquired the impression that this meant the contents had been abridged for children, and of such we would have nothing, for anything that savoured of being "written down" to children, raised a sort of mental rash in us more violent than measles or chickenpox. Indeed, although we have lived to outgrow our early mistake and to make handsome apologies to the word "Illustrated" when we meet it nowadays, we still bear the scars of that disease, which, for want of some better name, might be called the "Writing-For-Children-Fever."

And it is not such a new germ as people imagine, though like appendicitis and nerves and psycho-analysis, it is being discussed solemnly and learnedly and as if it were an ailment peculiar to the twentieth century. But just listen to the plaint of Charles Lamb, writing to Coleridge in 1802:—

> "Goody Two Shoes" is almost out of print. Mrs. Barbauld's stuff has banished all the old classics of the nursery, and the shopman at Newbery's hardly deigned to reach them off an old exploded corner of a shelf when Mary asked for them. Mrs. Barbauld's and Mrs. Trimmer's nonsense lay in piles about. Knowledge, insignificant and vapid as Mrs. Barbauld's books convey, it seems must come to a child in the shape of knowledge, and his empty noddle must be turned with conceit of his own powers when he has learnt that a horse is an animal, and Billy is better than a horse, and such like, instead of that beautiful interest in wild tales, which made the child a man, while all the time he suspected himself to be no bigger than a child. Science has succeeded in poetry no less in the little walks of children than with men. Is there no possibility of averting this sore evil? Think what you would have been now, if instead of being fed with tales and old wives' fables in childhood, you had been crammed with geography and natural history.

It is indeed dreadful to think what Coleridge might have been under such conditions! True, he might have taken less laudanum, but would there have been an "Ancient Mariner"?

Mrs. Barbauld hasn't been writing books for children in a great many years, but the "Shadow of Information" still continues to fall heavily across the pages of so many of the children's books on publisher's lists. We have lately finished ploughing through a great batch of this year's juveniles and can testify that the crop of "Our Farmyard Friends;" "A Boy's Book of Wild Beasts;" "Freddie in the Country;" "Charlie in the City;" "What Shall We Do On Rainy Days?" "Children of Yesterday for Boys and Girls of Today," and such titles, is as flourishing as it ever was.

Of course I am not triyng to say that there should not be plenty of text books full of sound facts and up to date information. Nothing is farther from my mind. I only mean that these shouldn't be all mixed and muddled with children's literature and the things of the imagination, as is so often the case. In adult literature it isn't this way. A cook book may be the very best of its kind, but it doesn't as a rule have a central character explaining how to mix the cake; giving explanations in question and answer and putting in funny remarks to disguise it into being something it isn't, and never could be. *And* it isn't put into the same class with beautiful stirring fiction. It isn't handed out to you with De la Mare's "Memoirs of a Midget," or Galsworthy's "White Monkey," or Willa Cather's "Lost Lady." We always did resent this sort of thing even when we were too young to do anything about it. It isn't playing quite fair. Children have plenty of time for reading and they will swallow books of almost any sort on any subject, but that doesn't necessarily mean that they approve of them. Their minds are as constantly hungry as their bodies and they will try anything in sight. Here of course lies the great danger as well as the advantage. It is so easy to make yourself think you can force them to lap up information by the pageful simply by sugar-coating it with a thin layer of story. But suppose Kipling had written the "Jungle Books" to that formula?

If children thought it worth while to express themselves on this subject, I think they would say something rather like this:—"We don't want to be *taught* things; we want to be *told* them." The best teachers are never the ones who seem to have a vast fund of information to impart. We learned more from a young teacher just fresh from college, who often made as many mistakes as her scholars, than we ever did from anyone else. She wasn't trying to teach us. We were all floundering together in the perilous seas of fractions and grammar and so-called science, and we all grasped at the same straws and became so excited in saving ourselves that we forgot we happened to be studying lessons. It was the same with the author of "The Swiss Family Robinson." He made you so interested in saving the stranded family that you didn't realize till you came to the last page how much you had learned concerning desert islands. Really when one thinks about it, there is an extraordinary amount about the fauna and flora of the tropics and geography and trade winds and methods of building houses in warm climates in that book, as in "Robinson Crusoe," but one just absorbs it along with the story,—joyfully and excitedly.

There is a mine of shrewd criticism in the admission of the little girl that she didn't like books that began;—"The natives of South Guinea are a wild and curious people." She preferred those that started out;—"Mary was sitting on the doorstep." We are all like that; we don't mind finding out later that our heroes and heroines are wild and curious, but we do want to know they were sitting or standing somewhere and doing something. And so the Pinocchios, the Alices, the Heidis, the Peter Pans, Rebeccas, and Light Princesses continue to go into new editions and to hold their own against the hordes of more recent juveniles that would crowd them off their shelves in Children's Rooms.

It was Charles Dudley Warner who said once in an address;—"I wish nobody had ever written a word for children. The silly people who try to write down to children had better try to write down to themselves." That is put a bit strongly perhaps, but we think it is the whole truth in a nutshell. At the risk of being considered platitudinous and sentimental, I would also add that I believe all the lasting books for children were written by their authors to please themselves. They wrote, not because their publishers urged them to do a juvenile for "boys and girls from six to eight years;" not even for the living children playing about their knees and demanding entertainment, but rather for that infinitely more fascinating audience,—the child that every grown up person keeps all to himself.

For the Very Young

DOCTOR DOLITTLE'S CARAVAN. By HUGH LOFTING. Illustrated by the author. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1926. $2.50.

PETER PEA. By N. G. GRISHINA. Illustrated by the author. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1926. $1.50.

JASON AND THE PRINCESS. By KATHERINE COLVILLE. With drawings by Albert Rutherstone. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $1.50.

J. M. BARRIE'S PETER PAN AND WENDY. Retold by May Byron for Little People. Pictures by Mabel Lucy Atwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. $1.

THE ADVENTURE CLUB. By ROSE FYLEMAN. Illustrations by A. H. Watson. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $2.

FATHER'S GONE A-WHALING. By ALICE CUSHING GARDINER and NANCY CABOT OSBOURNE. New York: Doubleday Page & Co. 1926. $2.

ONCE UPON A TIME. By A. A. MILNE. Decorated by Charles Robinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1926. $2.50.

WINNIE-THE-POOH. By A. A. MILNE. With Decorations by E. H. Shepard. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. $2.

JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK No. 10. New York: John Martin's House and Dodd, Mead & Co. 1926. $2.50.

THE JAPANESE FAIRY BOOK. By YEI THEODORA OZAKI. Frontispiece by TAKE SATO. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. $2.50.

LAPLAND LEGENDS. Retold from the Swedish by LEONNE DE CAMBRAY. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. $3.

THE FOUNDLING PRINCE and other Tales. Translated from the Roumanian by Petre Isperescu by JULIA COLLIER HARRIS and REA IPCAR. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $2.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA'S FAIRY BOOK. Illustrated by N. Grossman-Bulyghin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1926. $3.

THE DONEGAL WONDER BOOK. By SEUMAS MACMANUS. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by MARGERY WILLIAMS BIANCO

FROM the day I opened the pages of Hugh Lofting's first book and read how Doctor Dolittle kept white mice in his piano there could be no further doubt; here was a character to be cherished through thick and thin, and though the cherishing has proved a lengthier job than one expected—he is now in his sixth volume—it has been better rewarded than most similar forms of perseverance, and I admit to following the latest venture of that eminently sensible gentleman in his caravan, if with a less bounding step, at least with the same undimmed though slightly hypnotic interest that I first followed his ship. To invent a fantastic story is fairly easy, but Hugh Lofting's is the masterful fantasy that wears the semblance of real life. He produces a serious chronicle of that particular sort of dullness which is more fascinating than adventure, a chronicle to which his pictures add the last touch of conviction. It is impossible while reading not to take him seriously. What is enjoyable in his characters is not so much their humor as their profound commonsense—a quality one always suspected animals of possessing but which no other writer has so fully revealed. And above all this admirable fooling he bears the banner of humanitarianism sanely and without sentimentality.

It is a pity that more authors cannot illustrate their own books, as Hugh Lofting does. Of the successful few there is a very lovely example this year in "Peter Pea," by N. G. Grishina. This quaint and amusing little Russian fairy story, designed for young children, is as delightful as the pictures which accompany it. Among so much that is stereotyped these drawings, which recall Caldecott in color and feeling, give quite a shock of pleasure. Another distinctive little book is Katherine Colville's "Jason and the Princess," to which Albert Rutherstone contributes four decorative color drawings, and ornamentations. This is a nice example of book production. Decorative equally describes the story, which is a little fantasy with perhaps too consciously literary a flavor for the average child fully to appreciate, but quite amusing.

Considering the children of all ages who have loved Peter Pan, and to whom Wendy and Peter and Nana are living and familiar figures there would seem no need for this story to be further simplified. And is this new version after all any more simple? I doubt it, simplicity being of the very essence of Barrie's own magic and appeal. This seems somehow defrauding children of what is really theirs by right, the story which least of all needs interpretation; and even calls up horrid visions of an expurgated "Alice in Wonderland" or an abbreviated version of "When We Were Very Young." But while protesting that the task was unnecessary one must credit May Byron with doing it very well, and as far as possible in the spirit and language of the original—which after all only goes to prove the contention.

In "The Adventure Club" Rose Fyleman has deserted elfland for the everyday world, in a simple little account of six children and their doings which has something of the atmosphere of a Ewing story. She writes of real children with sympathy, humor, and in the same whimsical vein in which she writes of fairies and other fantastic beings. Those who enjoyed "Fairies and Chimneys" will appreciate this new book although it is so different. Really good stories for children, about children, are fairly rare; probably because they are far harder to write successfully than any other kind where imagination so-called can have fuller play. In this regard—and also as a characteristic American story—I would particularly commend "Father's Gone A-Whaling," by Alice Cushing Gardiner and Nancy Cabot Osbourne. It describes a family of children on Nantucket in the old whaling days, when seafaring still had the glamour of romance. There is real color and freshness in this tale, as well as a most lifelike picture of early days on Nantucket Island; a story of unusual quality and interest. The illustrations by Erick Berry have an old-fashioned charm which is quite in keeping.

Even A. A. Milne himself feels called upon to defend "Once Upon a Time" in his preface, the conclusion being that if you don't like the book that is your bad luck; he wrote it for his own entertainment. But I think he is wrong in attributing its untimely decease, when first issued in 1917, entirely to rival interest centred on the great war; there may have been other causes. He describes the book as a fairy tale for grown-ups. It is amusing in places, and might seem more so written by anyone else than Milne, who can do so much better, as in Winnie-the-Pooh. In fact I suspect that "Once Upon a Time" was issued just to fool us, a joke which would be quite in Pooh's character, if not Christopher Robin's. "Winnie-the-Pooh" is a joy; full of solemn idiocies and the sort of jokes one weeps over helplessly, not even knowing why they are

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Books for the Young

(Continued from preceding page)

so funny, and with it all the real wit and tenderness which alone could create such a priceless little masterpiece. Kanga and baby Roo, Piglet, and above all Pooh and Christopher Robin himself, are characters no one can afford to miss. It is even better than "When We Were Very Young," which is saying much. The drawings by E. H. Shepard which accompany the story are thoroughly delightful.

"John Martin's Big Book" always recalls the numerous fat annuals designed to enliven the childhood of the last generation; one almost feels an undercurrent of "Well, *that* ought to keep you quiet for a while!" The trouble with a large mixed collection of this sort is that nothing in it seems to stand out with any particular interest; even the good items suffer in the jumble and the general effect is of a rather dull conservative level. It does not suggest the feeling of personality which even small children like to associate with a book; they want quality not quantity. It will best meet the demands of the book-giver who hesitates to commit himself to any special choice.

A beautiful giftbook for older children is the new edition of "The Japanese Fairy Book," by Yei Theodora Ozaki. This is a collection of Japanese legends and fairy tales retold in English, but in a manner reflecting as closely as possible the color and rhythm of the original. Theodora Ozaki understands just what liberties a translator may take and how best to present the spirit and effect of a story rather than its literal equivalent, so that her work shows a grace and freshness often lacking in a merely faithful translation. The illustrations are by Fujiyama, a Japanese artist, with a frontispiece in color by Take Sato.

While stressing this question of translations, a very opposite example can be seen in Lapland Legends, translated from the Swedish by Leonne de Cambray. Here the translator has apparently been at pains to give the whole mass of Lindholm's Saga as closely and conscientiously as possible, with the result that, although it is described as a book for children, it is far beyond any child's perseverance to read. It will, however, interest the folklore student who does not mind wading through many pages of heavy prose and very crude blank verse translation. These legends from the Lapp mythology are curious and have considerable beauty, which many children could appreciate if put into easier form.

Two Rumanian collections are among the Fairy tale books this year, "The Foundling Prince," a translation from Petra Isperescu, and "The Queen of Rumania's Fairy Book." Isperescu holds a distinguished place in Rumanian literature, and his fame has increased since his death. Originally a printer by profession, he lived in great simplicity and even poverty; his stories are nearly all based on native legends and folktales, gathered from the mouths of the people—and by him retold in new form. Those selected for the present volume are all interesting and some very beautiful; they show a curious kinship in idea and expression to the more familiar Irish folktales which it would be interesting to trace out. They have the homely wisdom and wit of the real folk story. The translation has been ably done by Julia Collier Harris and Rea Ipcar. "The Queen of Roumania's Fairy Book" is rather a disappointment. The stories in it are not very distinctive on the whole, they are decorative, sentimental, and slightly sophisticated, and unless for their background suggest very little of real native color or originality. I would, however, except "Baba Alba," "A Christmas Tale," and "Parintele Simeon's Wonderbook," which have real character and in quality form a little group apart.

Seumas Macmanus has not yet exhausted the store of his already famous Donegal stories. For beauty of form, movement, and color these tales are hard to approach. They are heroic tales but in their most heroic moments instinct with humor, full of strange unexpected turns of speech, and told with that fine compelling rhythm, which is the heritage of the Irish tongue. Perhaps it is because the writer is so sure himself of his effect that it so unfailingly strikes home. It is hard to analyze the peculiar spell of the Irish story teller, compact of an instant intimacy with his audience, swift wit, a keen sense of the power and beauty of words in themselves, and true spirituality. Whatever it be, Seumas Macmanus has it to perfection. No matter what one's mood, these tales are impossible to resist, and even in repeated reading their magic endures.

Prescott for Boys

THE STORY OF MEXICO. Including "The Boys' Prescott." By HELEN WARD BANKS. Stokes. 1926. $5.

THAT happy inspiration, the author's version of Prescott for boys, is here converted into a complete history of Mexico by the simple expedient of adding seven new characters. The first is "Three Centuries of Viceroys;" the last is "From Madero to Calles." The book as thus rounded out makes no pretence to a due historical proportion; Mexico to the death of Cortez receives more than three hundred pages, and Mexico from 1535 to 1926 only a little more than a hundred. But it is planned and written to arouse the interest of youngsters, and only a strong emphasis upon the adventurous story of the conquest would enable it to succeed. Few histories have so much appeal for young readers as that of the Aztec civilization, the landing of the small band of Spaniards upon the Mexican coast, their progress to Mexico City, the placing of Montezuma in chains, the revolt of the inhabitants, and the marches and battles which followed. The author has retold it with simplicity, accuracy, and spirit, and the result is a book at once engrossing and instructive. It is only to be feared that many young folks will drop it once Cortez disappears from the narrative, for Santa Anna, Diaz, and Madero are tamer figures. There are a dozen vivid illustrations in color by A. D. McCormick.

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Literature Abroad

By Ernest Boyd

THOMAS MANN'S "Pariser Rechenschaft" represents a diplomatic and strategic victory for those who have been trying, ever since the armistice, to bring about a resumption of intellectual relations between France and Germany. Radicals and pacifists on both sides of the Rhine were not long in declaring their undying appreciation of each other, but there was a marked reluctance on the part of the orthodox intellectuals of both countries to exchange olive branches. The various phases of their respective conversions have been visible in the pages of *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, and *Die Neue Rundschau*, where André Gide and Thomas Mann, amongst others, have discussed at intervals the possibility and then the desirability of the intellectual coöperation of France and Germany in the task of remoulding postwar Europe.

The Germans—characteristically — had never, even at the worst stages of the war, renounced their right to read and discuss the literature of their enemies. At one moment I actually found more information about French literature in *Das Literarische Echo* than in any of the French reviews, which not only abandoned all pretence of keeping in touch with German literature during the war, but sacrificed their own to endless articles of patriotic propaganda. As soon as the war ended the results of German scholarship in the field of modern French literature became visible in such works as "Die Literarischen Wegbereiter des Neuen Frankreich," by Robert Ernst Curtius, which is the best collection of critical studies of contemporary French writers known to me. It was followed by the same author's remarkable "Balzac" and—a real *tour de force* under the circumstances—a book about Maurice Barrès, which is untouched by any resentment against the chauvinist in Barrès and does full justice to his literary achievement and his influence on the generation which was largely extinguished by the war.

The French critics were able to appreciate the work of men like Curtius, but there was a perceptible reluctance to shake hands intellectually with Germany. Gradually, as political animosities died down, or flowed into other and domestic channels, conditions became favorable to reconciliation. The exchange of views had resulted in a better understanding, and soon German authors of note were welcomed in Paris. Heinrich Mann, for example, was accepted as the author of "Der Untertan," which was translated into French, because he was avowedly a German Liberal with decidedly anti-Hohenzollern leanings. Fritz von Unruh, encircled by a halo of democratic pacifism all the more startling because he had been an aristocratic Prussian officer, likewise received the honors of a distinguished guest and the tangible gratification of being translated. Still Thomas Mann was unhonored and untranslated, and Maurice Muret had carefully established the fact that, although the greater writer, his unrepentant patriotism placed him in a very different category from that of his brother Heinrich.

Early this year Thomas Mann went to Paris as intellectual envoy extraordinary from Germany, and it was generally conceded that he was not as black as he had painted himself in his "Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen." The success of his visit marked a definite stage in the process of reconciling literary France and literary Germany. "Pariser Rechenschaft" is his own account of the venture. Apart from its importance in the light of the facts to which I have briefly alluded, the book is an interesting and highly characteristic piece of work, in which all of Mann's readers will take pleasure. It is written with tact, humor, and a real understanding of the situation of which it is the outcome, thereby presenting a marked contrast to the analogous volume by Fritz von Unruh, "Flügel der Nike," which exasperated Paris beyond measure last year.

Where von Unruh was sentimental, tactless, and indiscreet, Mann is reserved, sensible, and dignified. A great variety of prominent Parisian personalities are mentioned in these pages, but whether he is critical or enthusiastic, Thomas Mann maintains his poise and does not involve them in a display of heavy emotion such as caused many of von Unruh's friends and enemies embarrassment and malevolent enjoyment respectively. Perhaps he will be accused of Teutonic brutality for mentioning the topic of French exchange when he reports his astonishment at the cheapness of taxi fares when reckoned in German marks. Nothing could be better than the way he emerged from a meeting with his compatriot and arch-enemy, Alfred Kerr. "The jokes which Kerr has made about me and my work would have to have been much worse than they very probably were in order to prevent me from appreciating his lyrical and critical talents."

An unexpected entry in Mann's diary is the following: "Never in my life shall I forget Mr. Marcus Aurelius Goodrich, *Chicago Tribune*, this morning. . . . Never before have I encountered such monumental childishness and cheerfulness, such triumphant racial energy. . . .Compared with the little French figures Marcus Aurelius presented a marvelous contrast." So overpowered was Mann by his American interviewer that his Italian translator, who called immediately after, was put completely in the shade. When he met Bunin, the latter "had heard enough compliments about 'The Gentleman from San Francisco' and preferred to hear something about 'Mitya's Love.' I did not have to force my admiration for this equally impressive work, for in it is the epic tradition and culture of his country."

A typically and peculiarly German scene is the lunch at the German embassy where Herr von Hoesch and the President of the Leipsic Chamber of Commerce discussed Mann's last novel, "Der Zauberberg." It is hard to believe that at the British or American embassy two men of that type would entertain, say, Galsworthy or Dreiser, and discuss "The Forsyte Saga," or "An American Tragedy." Literature, however, was not the only topic as will be seen from this comment on Poincaré: "A cultivated family, a man who is, in his own way, cultivated, undoubtedly. But imagine a mind like a filing cabinet; everything in order; the way he manipulates the drawers is imposing, but they are all chuck full—no room in them for anything new."

At the P. E. N. Club dinner, Mann was struck by the simplicity and lack of formality as contrasted with the "highly official full dress banquet in London two years before, with Galsworthy in the chair." All agreed as to the personal charm of Galsworthy, but Edmond Jaloux demurred at the statement that Thomas Mann was "the German Galsworthy," on the ground that the English novelist was not enough of an artist. Like all foreigners, Mann was rather astonished at the low French estimate of Romain Rolland, of whom the Germans have as high an opinion as his English and American readers. Inevitably, before the end of that evening, the usual confusion took place and an American complimented Thomas Mann on having written "Der Untertan!"

The diary of a nine-day visit to Paris, after an absence of fifteen years, "Pariser Rechenschaft" is an unpretentious little book and its unaffected charm can with difficulty be conveyed by quoting anecdotes or speeches from it. Thomas Mann made several speeches, which he summarizes, all concerned for the most part with the problem of France and Germany in relation to the new Europe. He has few illusions about the solidarity of Europe, and believes that pressure of economic conditions alone can weld the various nations together. The preaching of ideals can achieve nothing. Nor can anything be gained by attempting to impose uniformity where there is none. The German mind and temperament will not become any more comprehensible to the French because of an attempted veneer of French literary and political traditions. The two countries must know each other for what they respectively are and reach an understanding on that basis.

I have not yet seen any French comments on this book. Presumably its political allusions will have most attention from French commentators. In this country it will be of interest for the variety of topics included in it.

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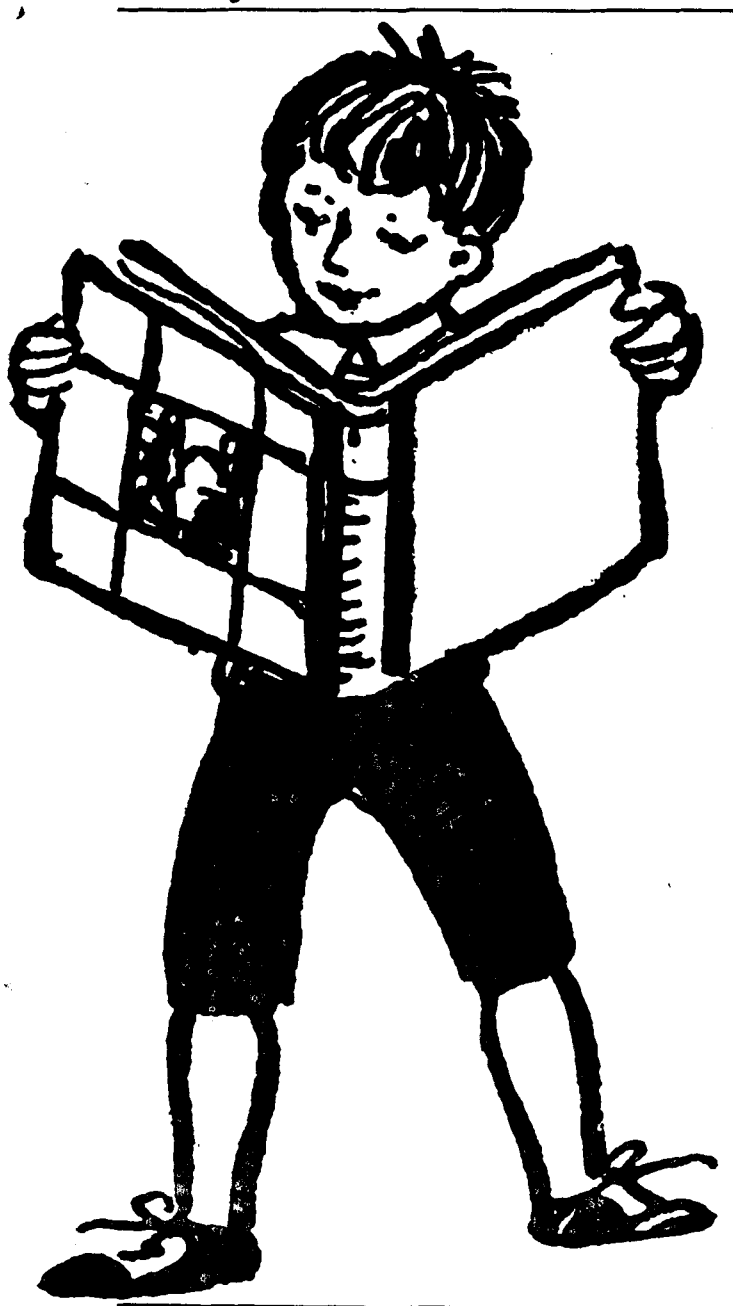

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Points of View

The Basis of Behavior

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Your reviewer of Herrick's "Brains of Rats and Men" (*Saturday Review*, September 18, 1926, P. 118), errs in saying that the "still small voice of the neurologist" is a third episode in a sequence of "whirlwind Freudians and thundering behaviorists." The several mechanistic theses which have lately come out of the physiological laboratories of the University of Chicago are the very substance of behaviorism. This "Brains of Rats and Men," by C. Judson Herrick, in particular is a frank effort to discover the physiological basis of behavior.

The behaviorists concede intelligence only on the basis of intelligent behavior. The whole organism must react effectively. The measure of a man is not gauged by a single faculty, or bundle of faculties. Mind-body reactions considered in terms of conduction and diffusion of energy through nerve channels are thus open to physical measurement in the laboratory.

In tracing structural differences in brain and cortex progressively from animals characterized by strictly automatic behavior to man, who enjoys the greatest degree of independent action, and in correlating progressively independent and unpredictable behavior with the differentiating cortical centers, Dr. Herrick dispenses with the metaphysical explanations of older schools of psychology. Even the Freudians rely rather definitely upon a mythical "mentor" to determine which thoughts shall rise above the level of the subconscious. Kempf must be considered as having worked out the physiology of Freudian psychology. Herrick expounds the physiology of behaviorism.

Thought as we know it is the last resort in human behavior and is introduced only at points of confusion where automatic reaction fails. Thought even in man merely finds new uses for old experience. It was a poet's concept that the labors of a healthy brain should be as subterranean and as competent as is the work of our digestive organs and circulatory systems. The healthy mentality, he says, should register its convictions, not its labors. "Our ears should not hear the clamor of its doubts nor be forced to listen to the pro and con wherewith we are eternally badgered." This situation theoretically is possible in behaviorism, but only in the perfectly adjusted individual who meets no new situations and who has nothing to learn. It would be a static situation, of course, with further differentiation impossible in body or mind.

SUSA P. MOORE.

Technical Research Service,
Chicago.

A. B. A. Clearing House

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Mr. Montgomery Belgion in his article, "Book Distribution Abroad" — *Saturday Review*, October 23—chides the American publishers for their lack of interest in the systems now in vogue in Europe, calling attention to the up-and-coming, wide-awake British organizations which have recently studied the continental methods. He evidently doesn't know that the booksellers of the United States stole a march on the publishers, and, incidentally were several years ahead of the English organizations, in making a survey of the European Book Centers and deciding to adopt such plans as might be practicable in this country.

Among other things an outline for a Clearing House was drawn by Mr. Ernest Eisele as early as 1915. In 1916 the first American Clearing House, operated by the American Booksellers Association, came into being, but because of the war-time, ever-increasing costs of material and labor, it had to be disbanded. After the war, a small and very much alive-to-all opportunities group tried to reintroduce it to the book trade, and, at the Chicago Convention of the American Booksellers Association in 1925, a resolution endorsing the idea and recommending its being put into effect was passed.

The A. B. A. year of 1925-26 was spent in enlisting subscribers, the plan was again endorsed at the May, 1926, convention, and, on July 1 of this year, we moved into our "experimental" headquarters.

Orders were sent by booksellers to the Clearing House; publishers picked them up each morning; books were returned as quickly as possible; and combined shipments made to the member-subscribers. Were, and still are. As we near the end of our fourth month, there is every indication that the plan is helpful to both bookseller and publisher, and that, this time, it is economically feasible.

Of course, only a few of the members are at present availing themselves of this new service, because only a small portion of them can be accommodated at our present location. But that massive set of buildings in Leipzig (pictured in the English report—too bad it wasn't reproduced for the benefit of your readers) grew out of just such a small beginning, as did La Maison du Livre at Paris, so we have hopes. Incidentally the City of Paris condemned an entire square block and gave it to the book trade for that building. (If you know of any way in which we might reach the city authorities here, please use the telephone.)

The matter of city trade delivery is also being considered by this office, and plans have been in the making for about twelve months.

The *adressbuch* of this country is known as the Book Trade Directory (R. R. Bowker) and while it is not printed by either of the two Associations—American Booksellers or National Association of Book Publishers—it is comprehensive and similar to that of the Borsenverein.

Coöperative publicity is something that has, for over seven years, been directed by the Publishers Association, and that organization has had the support of all publishers and booksellers.

All in all, one feels that the implied criticism of the book trade in the United States is rather unjust. Its members are not asleep and do not often avert their gaze so that new and better ways are overlooked. And they are trying to give the public what it wants in the way of good reading matter —which should please everyone.

ELLIS W. MEYERS,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers Association.

Melville and the Sea

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

"Melville wrote unconvincingly of naval life." These were the words of David Bone, in *The Saturday Review* of October 2. It is unfortunate that such a statement should get into print, for was not Herman Melville the author of "White Jacket," or "The World in a Man-O'-War?" It was one of his best books, and probably the finest account we have of life in the old-fashioned sailing frigate. I have been surprised that "White Jacket" has not been reprinted in the recent revival of Melville's books. The reason must be that it is strictly narrative, merely an account of a voyage, and contains no romance to carry the narrative along, as does "Moby Dick." But "White Jacket" is not tinged with insanity, as is "Moby Dick," which reminds me that the best appraisal I have seen of Melville is one recently printed by A. E. Anderson. He says: "His books kept getting wilder and wilder, until the line that separates them from insanity became very thin." In fact, Melville's last stories (now probably out of print) are nothing but insanity.

As for "White Jacket," while it has its faults and contains a slurring depreciation of the exploits of our frigates in the War of 1812, yet it is "safe and sane"—a hundred times more readable and valuable a book than "The Brassbounder." It came very near doing for the navy what "Two Years Before the Mast" did for the merchant service.

ROGER SPRAGUE.

Imola, California.

Erratum

By a regrettable oversight Lord Dunsany's "The Charwoman's Shadow" was ascribed to the wrong publisher in the list of Books of the Fall printed in the issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW for October 16. The book is issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The same publishers' "Cordelia Chantrell" emerged from the hands of the compositors as "Cordelia Chantress."

We take this opportunity of reinserting the titles of two Putnam books removed from the list by the exigencies of make-up, "On the Trail of Ancient Man," by Roy Chapman Andrews, an account of the work accomplished by the American Museum Central Asiatic Expeditions in Mongolia, and "Denatured Africa," by Daniel Streeter, a record of African experiences.

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The New Books

Art

THE PAINTER'S METHODS AND MATERIALS. By *A. P. Laurie.* Lippincott $6.

THE DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE EARLY AMERICAN REPUBLIC. By *Howard Major.* Lippincott. $15 net.

FAMOUS PRINTS. Edited by *Frank Weitenkampf.* Scribners.

Belles Lettres

THE POLITICAL IDEAS OF THE ENGLISH ROMANTICISTS. By CRANE BRINTON. Oxford University Press. 1926. $5.

For many years critics maintained the impossible position that poetry, like all literature, was a mirror of life, and that all considerations of politics and economics should be excluded in reading it. How it could mirror life and yet ignore two of the greatest forces that shape life, they failed to say. The world is gradually emerging from this influence of the late nineteenth century æsthetes, and Mr. Brinton's book is a timely step in the right direction.

The author deals more with facts than with literary criticisms, and perhaps it is just as well he does. His phrase, "the meaningless and crudely lyrical *Ullalume* [sic] of the romantic Poe," shows as much inability to spell the poem's title as to understand its meaning. Blake, we are told, "was mad, unprofitably mad. The historian of political ideas, more fortunate than the historian of letters, can neglect him." As there is no reference to Blake's lengthy and often sensible political discussions, we may assume, not that Blake was mad, but that he was, as usual, unread. Bad as these carefully culled phrases are, however, the book from which they are taken is unquestionably good.

In its chosen field this condensed little volume is well loaded with material, often new, and almost always sound. Any study of politics tends to heaviness, and any study of romantic politics tends to nebulousness; but, with due regard for the difficulties of the theme, we should call this work clearly and interestingly written. It is a valuable production, which every scholar of the period should consult.

In general, Mr. Brinton's conclusions increase our respect for the chief romantic poets. Where they changed their political faith, as in the case of Wordsworth, they changed honestly, and from no unworthy motive. Where they hung for a lifetime doubtingly between two opinions, as in the case of Byron, they did so on account of inherited prejudices, not on account of moral weakness. Shelley's poetry, in spite of its immaturity and touches of fanaticism, contains a large amount of wisdom in the germ, or at least of what later generations have endorsed.

The great trouble with that age—as Mr. Brinton seems to feel, and as we most emphatically feel—was, not that it lacked thought or profound thought, but that it published its great ideas in a highly emotional age, which sentimentalized, and softened them. The intellectual iceberg, drifting into tropical waters, dissolved into a flood of tears. If the colder intellectual criticism of our own day can freeze all this liquified sentiment back into a rationalized form, if the tear can become "an intellectual thing" (we are quoting from Blake to show Mr. Brinton how much he has missed), then the future may derive a valuable inheritance from the romanticists. This seems to be the author's position, and it is one that we heartily endorse.

A STUDY OF SWINBURNE. By *T. Earle Welby.* Doran. $5 net.

WORDS TO THE DEAF. By *Guglielmo Ferrero.* Translated by BEN RAY REDMAN. Putnam. $2.

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS WIFE. By *Will Rogers.* A. & C. Boni. $2.

Biography

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. By *Ben Ray Redman.* McBride.

TEN WEEKS WITH THE CHINESE BANDITS. By *Harvey J. Howard.* Dodd, Mead. $3.

THE BOWL OF HEAVEN. By *Evangeline Adams.* Dodd, Mead. $3.

THE VAGABOND DUCHESS. By *Cyril Hughes Hartmann.* Dutton.

IMHOTEP. By *Jamieson B. Hurry.* Oxford University Press. $2.50.

WALTER CAMP. By *Harford Powel, Jr.* Little, Brown. $2 net.

SCOUTINGS ON TWO CONTINENTS. By *Major Frederick D. Burnham.* Elicited and arranged by *Mary Nixon Everett.* Doubleday, Page. $5 net.

ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN. By *H. Saxe Wyndham.* Harpers. $2.

SECRET AND CONFIDENTIAL. By *Brigadier-General W. H. H. Waters.* $5.

JOHANNES BRAHMS. By *Jeffrey Pulver.* Harpers. $2.

GEORGES BIZET. *By D. C. Parker.* Harpers.

MOTHER DEAR: THE EMPRESS MARIE OF RUSSIA AND HER TIMES. By *V. Poliakoff (Augur).* Appleton. $3.50

ADVENTURES IN EDITING. By *Charles Hanson Towne.* $2.50.

GAUTIER AND THE ROMANTICS. By *John Garber Palache.* Viking. $3.

WILLIAM BLAKE. By *Osbert Burdett.* Macmillan. $1.25.

THE YOUNG VOLTAIRE. By *Cleveland B. Chase.* Longmans. $3.

Education

A GUIDEBOOK IN ENGLAND. By *Helen E. Sandison* and *M. L. Lowery.* Macmillan.

STUDYING THE SHORT STORY. By *Blanche Colton Williams.* Doubleday, Page.

ELEMENTS OF ECONOMICS. By *Charles Ralph Fay.* Macmillan.

EDUCATION FOR A CHANGING WORLD. By *William Heard Kilpatrick.* Macmillan.

Fiction

HIGH SILVER. By *Anthony Richardson.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE LESSER BREED. By *Mary Wiltshire.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

THE FIDDLER IN BARLY. By *Robert Nathan.* McBride. $2 net.

LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS. By *Thomas Burke.* McBride. $5 net.

VERNEY'S JUSTICE. By *Ivan Cankar.* Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

GREEN GOLD OF YUCATAN. By *Gregory Mason.* Duffield. $2.

WEST OF THE MOON. By *Anna Robeson Burr.* Duffield. $2.50.

THE MAGIC FLUTE. By *Sara Cone Bryant.* Houghton Mixin. $2.

HEIR OF ALL THE AGES. By *N. K. McKechnie.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

HUMAN BITS. By *Hildegarde Hume Hamilton.* London: Simpkin, Marshell, Hamilton & Kent. American distributors: Boley's Bookstore, Lexington, Va.

BLINDNESS. By *Henry Green.* Dutton. $2.

HARDY RYE. By *Daniel Chase.* Bobbs-Merrill.

TRANSFIGURATION. By *Sergeev Tzensky.* McBride. $2.50 net.

THE PROPER PLACE. By *O. Douglas.* Doran. $2 net.

THEY WENT. By *Norman Douglas.* Dodd. Mead. $2.50.

THE COAST OF ENCHANTMENT. By *Barton E. Stevenson.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

IN DIXIE LAND. By Southern Writers. New York: Purdy Press. $2.50.

BEST AMERICAN STORIES. Edited by *Blanche Colton Williams.* Doubleday, Page. 2 vols.

THE BLATCHINGTON TANGLE. By *G. D. H.* and *Margaret Cole.* Macmillan. $2.

THE COMEDIANS. By *Louis Couperus.* Doran. $2.50 net.

CONFESSION. By *Cosmo Hamilton.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

THE GRAND BUFFALO. By *William Garrett.* Appleton. $2.

THE MAN WHO CANNOT DIE. By *Thames Williamson.* Small, Maynard. $2.50 net.

THE WIDOW OF EPHESUS. By *Mary Granger.* Putnams. $2.

TISH PLAYS THE GAME. By *Mary Roberts Rinehart.* Doran. $2 net.

History

OXFORD STUDIES IN SOCIAL AND LEGAL HISTORY. Edited by SIR PAUL VINOGRADOFF. Vol. VIII, XIV, Studies in the Period of Baronial Reform and Rebellion, 1258-127. By E. F. JACOB. Oxford University Press. 1925. $7.

This is a technical work of thirteenth century English history written by one of the best of the younger mediævalists in England, a fellow of All Souls, a teacher at University College, London, and now a don at Christ Church, Oxford. A statement of its conclusions would interest a highly limited audience; those conclusions would affect only a few lines in an ordinary textbook (See Trevelyan's new "History of England.") Mr. Ernest Jacob has made an examination of seven years in English

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The New Books

History

(*Continued from preceding page*)

history, the years of the Provisions of Oxford and of Simon de Montfort's rebellion. That hero and the revolt of the barons associated with him has been the theme of much English and some French study, but Jacob is able nevertheless to add considerably to our knowledge of the character and ends of the movement. He has gone out into the shires and analyzed the verdicts of the juries and the complaints presented to the commissions of 1258 and 1259. He finds that there was a great need of the reform of local administration, that the government knew it, and, although acting to improve machinery, failed to meet the need, but that out of the discontent of the lesser gentry there was gradually developed new administrative machinery. The next King, Edward I, heard the "voice of the county communities becoming articulate above the baronial din," and the Statute of Marlborough both by new procedure and changes in the rules of tenure met the claims of the new groups.

From the first page to the last Jacob shows the influence of Tout, whose recent work, growing originally out of an examination of seals, has so greatly affected the study of mediæval English institutions. Mr. Jacob examines the way in which things happened. He brings to bear on writs, court procedure, and mediæval terms an extraordinary technical equipment, much learning, and intellectual agility. From apparently insignificant words, from the colors of ink, from erasures, he draws conclusions with imagination and not without caution. To a non-specialist in the field the book is chiefly interesting for the refinements of method employed by the modern mediævalist. Jacob has acquired his technique not alone from Tout, he owes much to Stubbs, and his own teacher, the late Vinogradoff; he has picked up tricks of the historical trade from the works of the great Maitland.

THE PULSE OF PROGRESS. By *Ellsworth Huntington.* Scribners. $5.

ASIA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. By *Alexander Frederick White.* Scribners. $1.75.

EUROPE IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By *Irene L. Plunket.* Oxford University Press. $1.50.

THE PEASANT WAR IN GERMANY. By *Frederick Engels.* International. $1.50.

THE EIGHTEENTH BRUMAIRE OF LOUIS BONAPARTE. By *Karl Marx.* International. $1.50.

THE ADVENTURE OF MAN. By *F. C. Happold.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

EUROPE SINCE WATERLOO. By *William Stearns Davis.* Century. $6.

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY. By *H. G. Wells.* Macmillan. 2 vols. $15.

Juvenile

Many additional children's books will be reviewed in these columns between now and Christmas.

MIDSHIPMAN WICKHAM. By RALPH D. PAINE. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $1.75.

THE LAST PLAY. By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR. Appleton. 1926. $1.75.

THE BALLOON BOYS. By N. L. JORGENSEN and S. T. MOORE. Harcourt, Brace. 1926.

The late Mr. Paine—we assume this is his last book—and Mr. Barbour are writers of tested ability for young people; and each is here found in the field in which he is most at home. Mr. Paine takes a plebe at Annapolis, and follows him through his four years. The boy has to conquer an initial distaste for naval life; he has some trying misadventures, and is haled up on serious disciplinary charges; but he comes through with flying colors and with renown as a football player. Mr. Barbour again shows us the interior of a prep school, and the making of a man out of a foolish, conceited boy. His hero enters expecting to ride through on the reputation his brother had made several years earlier, and is rudely disillusioned before he finds himself. Both books are written with a dash that atones for their conventional material. "The Balloon Boys," on the other hand, relies for its appeal on originality of content rather than on style. Capt. Moore is an officer in the balloon section of the Air Service Reserve. He introduces some boys who are eager to take up balloon racing, and who unexpectedly find their ambition gratified; and they not only explore the skies, but meet with some startling perils—forest fires, a gale that blows them out to sea, and other difficulties.

A BOOK OF GIANT STORIES. By KATHLEEN ADAMS and FRANCES ELIZABETH ATCHINSON. Illustrated by Robert W. Lahr. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $1.75.

Compiled by two librarians in response to a child's appeal, this is a rousing selection full of spice, and blends the unfamiliar with the familiar in a delightful way. "Mollie Whuppie" and "David and Goliath" are cheek by jowl with "Finn McCoul" and "Lady Featherflight." For those small boys who wish their fill of monsters whose bark was always worse than their bite, this volume is the thing. "The Giant of Bang Beggars' Hall" is an enticing gentleman. Irish giants always do the finest stunts!

EVELI AND BENI. By JOHANNA SPEYRI. Crowell. 1926. 60 cents.

STORIES OF SWISS CHILDREN. The same. $2.50.

These stories of Swiss children by the author of the juvenile classic "Heidi" have appeared in separate volumes before. Now they have been gathered in a popular edition with colored illustrations in an effort to win for them as many readers as Heidi has gained in all the years of her existence. But charming and simple and delightful as many of the stories are, they all lack some quality which the earlier classic of childhood possessed. It is hard to say, perhaps the author worked into it an unconscious autobiographical touch which gave it a greater quality of reality, perhaps it is just one of those frequent accidents of authorship, in which a writer turns out just one masterpiece of his particular school. We rather incline to the latter theory, but at any rate these books will make wholesome, if rather old-fashioned and a trifle "preachy" reading, and will serve as an excellent background of Swiss life and landscape.

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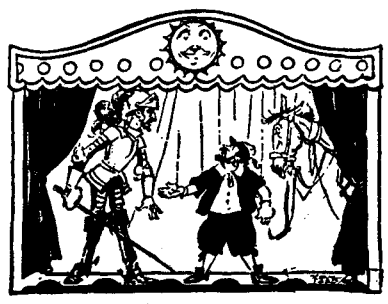

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SKEEZIX AT THE CIRCUS. By FRANK KING. Reilly & Lea. 1926. $1.

This tale displays Mr. King as an author who illustrates his books to perfection from the point of view of a caricaturist. It is an account of the usual adventures of a usual small boy, but the pictures of himself and playmates, the dog, the circus, and the rotund "Uncle Walt" would bring a smile to the face of the most serious reader. He and his dog have now been glorified as dolls, so waiting children can now possess them permanently.

DAVID GOES TO GREENLAND. By DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM. Putnams. 1926. $1.75.

This thirteen-year-old boy has already a book to his credit, the story of his voyaging on the Arcturus with the Beebe expedition to Galápagos, and now he has been to Greenland. He is, as he says, lucky, and to be envied among all thirteen-year-olders with adventurous instincts. This book, like his last, is simple and unforced narrative of an expedition in search of specimens for the American Museum of Natural History, in which a small boy gets plenty of work, plenty of excitement, and experiences in the far North that are commonplace to Esquimaux, but not to American youngsters. But the shipwreck was not a commonplace, even for Esquimaux, nor lassooing bear cubs in the water. They shot bears with bow and arrows, fished for sharks, stalked seals, fought walrus. Plenty happens in David's book, but perhaps the best thing about it is the picture, often naïve, but very vivid, of life in the Arctic as a boy sees it. No made-up story of Northern adventure could be quite so convincing.

CHILDREN OF THE TIDES. By DANIEL HENDERSON. Appleton. 1926. $1.50.

A little book of beach and ocean wonders, written skilfully to tell curious children whale as well as described him, and with scientific background has made his account of strange creatures interesting as well as informative. Quaintly illustrated.

Mr. Henderson has told stories about the bout nautical life below seas and above.

THE MOUSE BOOK. By NELLIE M. LEONARD. Crowell. 1926. $2.

Perhaps it is the fateful shadow overhanging their small existences that makes mice so appealing in literature and yet so difficult to live with! Uncertainty gives distinct poignancy to their adventures, and this is a fact not lost upon even the youngest reader. In this book there are mice of every sort and size with truly human characteristics, and all the chapters are devoted entirely to recounting their adventures. They enjoy Christmas parties and make holiday trips to visit their Field Mouse relatives in the country, and have all manner of doings among themselves. Children will follow these with interest and affection for the different characters, but it is to the pictures that we think they will turn most often, since they are quaint, humorous, and altogether delightful. For realistic illustrations of a simple sort these by M. S. Johnson and Ernest Walker are remarkably successful.

LISTEN, CHILDREN! By STEPHEN SOUTHWOLD. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $1.50.

Stephen Southwold is such an excellent teller of new tales and reteller of old favorites, that we rather wish the publishers had not bothered with the more or less "educational" sounding title, and although Mr. John Drinkwater says some very true and complimentary things in his introduction, we would also rather have let the stories simply speak for themselves. There are about fifty of them and all are simple and vivid. Some are quite sad, too, like the one about the Monkey who could sing so beautifully in the jungle that she provoked the other animals and was led away to dance to the grinding of a hurdy-gurdy. Children need pathos in their stories as much as older readers do in theirs, only it must be done with as much sympathy and beauty. There is poetry, too, in many of the tales, besides much humor and action. Some of the tales are of far-off times and places, such as "The Red Flower" which tells of Fire and how man learned to use it. But though many of the stories could be put under the class of "instructive," Mr. Southwold is far too sensible and "canny" a narrator to let them appear to be anything of the kind. All times and peoples range through his pages from Irish fishermen and Mermaids to early cavemen and Chinese Emperors. We wish the tales had been brought out in a more attractive format, with spirited pictures instead of the introduction for teachers and librarians. Nevertheless, the book is a real treasure house for story-tellers in search of material.

CAPTAIN SANDMAN. By MIRIAM CLARK POTTER. Dutton. 1926. $2.

Here is a very attractive collection of short poems and tales for children who have not yet reached the stage for reading to themselves. They are of a good length for bedtime stories or for the story-telling hour at home or school. The author has put much spirit and charm into her simple narratives and her touches of whimsicality

(*Continued on next page*)

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Drawn by John Held, Jr., in 1926

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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

are natural and fresh, a great relief after much of the forced fancies scattered so lavishly through modern juveniles. There are elves and faires of every description and plenty of everyday children and grandmothers and pleasant people. In fact we liked especially the mixture of the fairy tale atmosphere with reality. "Miss Matilda's Birthday" is an excellent example of this happy combination, as is also "The Giant's Baby." Then there is the simple and friendly "*Tomorrow Is Christmas*" story of a feminine Scrooge on Christmas Eve, and the one about the little girl who went to bed all of her own accord and so kept her distracted family up all night searching for her. The verses are perhaps a little less successful than the stories, but the one called "*Brook Parade*" is very happy and in exactly the right mood. We could not help feeling that the book deserved to be printed on different paper, with more dainty and imaginative illustrations.

THE HAMMON TWINS. By WILLIS K. JONES. Century. 1926. $1.75.

A pleasant book all about the amusing adventures of twin sisters, alike as two peas in a pod, and their Freshman year at college. The story moves easily through the gay doings of the happy group of girls of whom the twins are central figures. Their successful efforts at outwitting Sophomores and mixing up the whole college because of their puzzling resemblance makes wholesome reading for girls in their teens, who never tire of stories written to this familiar pattern.

MAIDA'S LITTLE SCHOOL. By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN. Viking. 1926. $1.50.

When a writer of more mature fiction takes to writing a book for girls, it is usually apt to be successful. Inez Haynes Irwin is no exception to the rule, and this third volume in her "Maida Series" will appeal strongly to girls, especially those in their early teens. This new book tells of the heroine's winter in the country, where with her seven intimate friends of the earlier tales, she attends a new and most unusual kind of school. Here are winter sports and adventures a-plenty, with the friendship of a Frenchman, a young authoress, and a real live explorer to bring about new and happy experiences. It is all written with enthusiasm, and humor, and is a great improvement on the more sentimental "Little Colonel" type of stories so popular not many years ago.

THE TALE OF MR. TOOTLEOO. By BARNARD DARWIN and ELINOR DARWIN. Harpers. 1926. $2.

The delectable tale of Mr. Tootleoo has at last been brought officially to America, though for many months it has been finding its way across the Atlantic to delight youngsters almost as much as it does their parents and older readers. It is the gayest of nonsense ballads and one that would have delighted the hearts of Lewis Carroll, Gilbert and Sullivan, Stevenson, and most of all Thackeray, because he would have rejoiced in every quaint line and bright color of the inimitable pictures. Mr. Tootleoo is the whimsical ship-wrecked sailor who was rescued by the Cockyollybirds after he had navigated himself for some time in his hat. His adventures by sea and land are too spirited and manifold to describe in detail, but personally we felt that his encounter with the surprised whale marked, literally, the highest point of the book. The rhymes alone are astounding and fascinating. Sometimes it seems impossible that the author will manage to find one, but it is always achieved, and the pictures are droll and quaint and as colorful as can be. In fact we haven't come across a more satisfying book of nonsense in years. No nursery should be without it.

SNAKE GOLD. By HERVEY WHITE. New York. Macmillan. 1926. $1.75.

For boys who like a thriller—a story almost as sensational as Rider Haggard's, but more plausible—Mr. Hervey White's Mexican tale is to be recommended. Its ingredients will delight those who enjoy mystery and hair-breadth escapes. There is a hidden gold mine, a set of difficult clues, a malachite amulet which seems to have supernatural powers, a Yankee lad, a grim, powerful, and unscrupulous Mexican, and minor characters of assorted nationalities. The treasure is found, but not until horrifying dangers have been overcome. There is a moment when the young American lad is tossed by one of his enemies over the brow of a stupendous cliff, and all seems over. But he wins through to success, and the disposition which he and the other searchers make of the gold hoard gives the story an unexpected climax. Mr. White seems to write with a genuine knowledge of Mexico and its northern mountain regions.

CHIMNEY CORNER ISLES. Compiled by VERONICA S. HUTCHINSON. Illustrated by Lois Lenski. Minton, Balch. 1926. $2.

This book contains the fine flower of a collection of fairy tales from the inimitable "Tom-Tit-Tot" down to the less known "Billy Begs" from the Irish of Seumas McManus, that tells "they were off and away over high hills, low hills, sheepwalks and bullock-traces, the Cove of Cork and old Tom Fox with his bugle horn." There's Ireland for you! And we can jaunt to Fairyland itself with these wee, tiny, brilliant illustrations of people and beasties by Lois Lenski. Very Russian in character and color they are and would make a frog pond shine on a rainy day!

THE CURIOUS CRUISE OF CAPTAIN SANTA. By RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON. Illustrated by John R. Neil. Reilly & Lea. 1926. $1.

Here is a volume with nothing cut and dried about it and brimful of the genuine imagination which children adore. It is illustrated in a way well calculated to add to the gaiety of nations. The flapping penguin, "Penny" is especially delicious. The story is an account of Santa Claus's voyage of discovery to the Lost Islands after new toys, and not one choice and quaint detail is missed, not even an encounter with cannibals, and the finding of live wooden animals on rockers.

TONY SARG'S ALPHABET. With verses by ANNE STODDARD. Greenberg Inc. 1926. $1.

Although this is one of the gayest of the Fall juveniles, a delightfully made book with much of Mr. Sarg's best fun and spirit in the colored drawings, we could not help being a little disappointed when we had closed the covers upon "Z for Zebra." It seemed flimsy, somehow, hastily scrabbled together in much the manner of a Sunday Supplement. Perhaps this was because of the selection of subjects for the different letters and the verses by Anne Stoddard. Certainly these fell far below the quaint border designs and gay drawings of Mr. Sarg. Take "E for Elephant" for instance,—almost anyone with any feeling at all ought to be able to do something more inspired and appealing for the sort of elephant Mr. Sarg knows how to draw!

E is for Elephant, doing his tricks;
Without him the circus would be in a fix.
He is good and he's clever and does all he can
To help out his trainer who is a kind man.

MARY AND MARCIA PARTNERS. By HELEN CADY FORBES. Macmillan. 1926. $2.

This book is intended to fit that difficult age for girls, the early teens, and we think that in this case the effort has been moderately successful. The story of these two American girls of today isn't particularly distinguished, to be sure, but it has spirit and a simple, sincerely written story and there is a pleasant lack of that cloying sentimentality which so often creeps into these stories for girls of the romantic, half-grown age. The two young heroines of the book are natural and alive and their business adventures and activities during a long summer in a charming New England town of literary association, will doubtless be popular with readers of grammar and junior high school age.

LAZY LOB. By MABEL MARLOWE. Appleton. 1926. $1.50.

Printed in England, this is a delectable series of tales centering about a happy village of gnomes of which Lob is one of the principal characters. The rare opening bit, "The Wiggly Wife and the Wombat," proves that the author resembles Lewis Carroll in her sense of humor. "Tony Grumble" is another excellent tale. Give this book to a very appreciative child!

CHARLIE AND HIS SURPRISE HOUSE. By HELEN HILL and VIOLET MAXWELL. Macmillan. 1926. $1.

Here is a fascinating account of how a little boy helped paint, paper, and repair (and even instal electric light) in a broken-down little house in the country as a surprise for his mother. He is only seven years old but he learns how to do all these things as well as play Indian with an interesting Indian friend who helps him build a wigwam. This book will answer many questions, and will show that work can be made as easy and delightful as play.

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Once upon a time there was a young fellow, aged three or four, who bestowed upon his mother's sister the title of Favorite Aunt. It seems that there was a birthday, a party, and presents. Now, at that age one is not usually lastingly appreciative of birthdays and parties unless there is, accompanying them, a definite something that can be kept and treasured. In this case there were two books, and because he was too young to read, they were read to him over and over until he memorized their contents. Some few years later, the Favorite Aunt took him bookshopping and he became familiar with a number of titles and the contents of many volumes.

Today, twenty-five years later, that young man reads the ***Saturday Review of Literature*** (and is ready to argue with any of the editorial staff at the drop of a hat, or quotation mark—although it isn't often necessary), biography, history and "nut humor" with appreciation, and he has in his bookcase copies of Peter Rabbit and The Foolish Fox, the first two volumes of what is now a good-sized library.

The moral is: "Catch Them Young."

* * * *

There is a tendency today towards a more liberal system of educating the young. Because of it, forcible feeding is getting to be a thing of the past and most children are allowed the Privilege of Selection. There are I-don't-know-how-many bookshops that cater solely to children, and several-times-that-many that have Juvenile Departments. The owners and persons-in-charge are men and women in whom everyone may place more confidence—for the choosing of reading for the youngsters—than they may in members of the family. These booksellers not only know the books that are printed but endeavor to fit the book to the child. (The old system tried to fit the child to the book.) All that is necessary is to take them Bookshopping.

* * * *

You will find that the members of the ***American Booksellers' Association*** will aid you greatly in taking care of this really difficult problem. To "Catch Them Young" let us add "Start Them Right" and, after they grow older, they too will subscribe to the ***Saturday Review*** and will be found on Booksellers' Mailing Lists.

ELLIS W. MYERS,
Executive Secretary,
American Booksellers' Association.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

LORD RAINGO. By *Arnold Bennett* (Doran.)

COLLECTED PARODIES. By *Louis Untermeyer* (Harcourt, Brace.)

THE ROAD ROUND IRELAND. By *Padraic Colum* (Macmillan.)

M. W., Syracuse, N. Y., asks if a list of novels based on college or university life has been anywhere published.

I THINK the only one of any length is in "A Reader's Guide Book (Holt); several magazine articles have started from it. This was up to and including "The Plastic Age," by Percy Marks (Century) and "The Education of Peter," by John Wiley (Stokes): since then Lynn and Lois Montrose have added another mordant volume, "Fraternity Row" (Doran), to their earlier studies of coeducational university life in "Town and Gown" (Doran), but the trend seems in the main away from the student body and toward the faculty, its problems and politics. Robert Herrick's "Chimes" (Macmillan) is read with close attention in and around the University of Chicago, or so I am told, but I could not lose any sleep over it; indeed on one occasion I gained some. Whereas faculty doings in "The Ninth Wave," by Carl Van Doren (Harcourt, Brace), especially the dinner at which the Ogden Prize for History is awarded, are as spirited as the episodes in the professor's private life that figure in these "waves"—though the one that rolls him gasping onto grandfatherhood is the most exciting of the lot. There is a new edition of George Fitch's "At Good Old Siwash" (Little, Brown) with an introduction by William Allen White to this freshwater classic, and of his "Petey Simmons at Siwash," (Little, Brown) the last of these tales. "Into the Void," by Florence Converse (Little, Brown), centers about a college bookshop; it is a mystery story of a surprising turn. In its pages I am continually bumping into books that I have read and places that I have visited, thus having a lively, exciting time. I wonder why it is so satisfactory to come upon the title of a book that you like, in another book? Percy Marks has a new volume of essays on college matters, called "Which Way Parnassus?" (Harcourt, Brace) dealing with premises and presidents, trustees, athletics, fraternities and other features. These are all on American colleges; "Martin Hanner: A Comedy," by Kathleen Freeman (Harcourt, Brace), is an unusually clear-sighted analysis of the character of a professor of classics in an English provincial university. The plot is concerned with a better position in another place, his try-out for it, and the entirely lifelike reasons why he doesn't get it, but he is more fortunate in his love-affairs. I trust that high school teachers of Greek will notice his free translation of Homer's story of Sisyphus, ending "And bumpety bumpety bump went the horrid old stone to the bottom." Speaking of high school teaching, "Mrs. Mason's Daughters," by Mathilde Eiker (Macmillan), should be somewhere on this list, even if it is not a college novel. One of the daughters is a teacher, and the school atmosphere is indicated from an unusual point of view for our fiction; also it is an unusual novel anyway. Returning for a last look at books on college matters, "Freshman Hygiene," by Raymond Bull and Stanley Thomas (Lippincott), is concerned with personal and social problems of the college student; the material in the second half, Social Hygiene, is placed before most freshmen for the first time, and its facts are presented from the scientific standpoint only, without attempt to treat the moral aspect. It has been given as lectures at Lehigh.

E. W., Storrs, Conn., is one of a group of women who will study modern essays this winter. They have already Christopher Morley's collections of "Modern Essays" (Harcourt, Brace), first and second series.

LAST year a question like this came from another part of the country with a postscript saying that the suitability of the books for Christmas presents might be kept in mind. I remember that those who received, as the result of my reply, the little volume called "Many Furrows," by "Alpha of the Plough" (Dutton), Maurice Hewlett's "Wiltshire Essays" (Oxford University Press), and a bundle of chatter called "Life and You," by C. Lewis Hind (Dodd, Mead), took pains to record their satisfaction. Several books of essays this year make good company, the lighter ones at home by the fire, the deeper on a railway journey, where the ideal book is one from whose pages you may continually rise for long flights of thought. "The Money Box," by Robert Lynd (Appleton), is full of action and incident, the sort of book with which to convince a beginner that the essay may be entertainment as well as intellectual exercise. "The Little Room," by Guy Pocock (Dutton), has something the quality of "Many Furrows," and the same pocket-size; it has poems too, and a lighthearted way of dealing with matters such as interest men and women who love pictures, music, gardens, and books; it would please many quite different readers and last a long time. "Read America First," by Robert Littell (Harcourt, Brace), will be read with gladness, with rage, with a sardonic twist upon the lip, or with a succession of whole-souled and delighted laughs, according as one is impressed by our national amusements, efficiencies, undertakings mortuary and otherwise, and such gestures of prosperity. I would have writhed over it in London a month ago; today I chuckle, but ruefully. "Critical Essays," by Osbert Burdett (Holt), are concerned with authors and their powers, and range so widely that any student of modern literature may find something to interest him. "Transition," by Edwin Muir (Viking), I have already mentioned; it presents Joyce, Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, Stephen Hudson, Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, Lytton Strachey, Edith Sitwell, and Robert Graves; I name these because I am often asked for reviews of writers of this group. For the nature-lover, the reader of books like David Grayson's, there is "The Meadows: Familiar Studies of the Commonplace," by John C. Van Dyke (Scribner), and "A Northern Countryside," by Rosalind Richards (Holt), according to the part of the country in which his affections lie. The former is a study of the Valley of the Raritan, set down with loving details by seasons and in every aspect. Miss Richards's book is a reprint: President Roosevelt liked it and no wonder. It is about places, people, and local life in a part of Maine so like my part of Vermont that reading it is like a little home vacation. The funniest essays I have read this year—save the uproarious pages of Leacock's "Winnowed Wisdom" (Dodd, Mead), and I don't know if these be essays at all—are in "The Delicatessen Husband," by Florence Guy Seabury (Harcourt, Brace), studies in the new womanhood and what to do about it.

A club making a survey of this field for some distance back will find excellent material in a set of five pocket-size volumes, edited by Ernest Rhys, published by Dutton, and called "Modern English Essays: 1870-1920." They are not only representive, but make a well-balanced whole.

ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL tells me that *M. N., New York,* who on August 7 asked about old English ballads, "may find a few pickings" in a pamphlet of hers, footnote to her sister's (Josephine McGill's) work devoted to the British ballads surviving in the Kentucky mountains—which I have more than once noticed. This pamphlet is "On the Trail of Song Ballets," and is reprinted from *The Kentucky Folk-Lore and Poetry Magazine*, Louisville, 1926. It is a beautiful little record, most interesting to any student of the subject.

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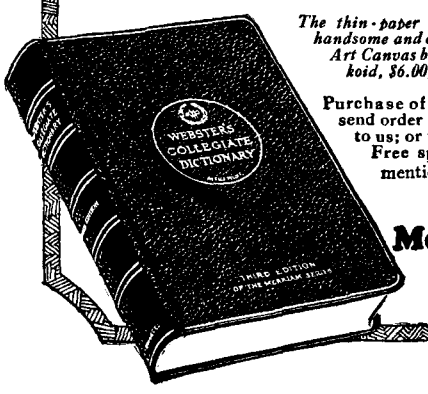

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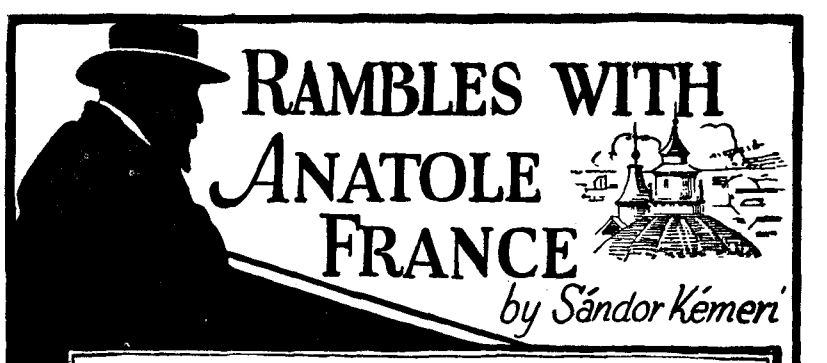

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The Phoenix Nest

WE understand that the now world-famous Three Hours for Lunch Club is "to gratify its long brewing ambition to publish a volume of Proceedings." "This matter," says a magnificent prospectus which has been lost in our desk for some months, "has long been procrastinatively shuffled about by the Editorial Committee." We sincerely hope that such procrastination will cease and that the stories, essays, poems, drawings, architectural cartouches, lampoons, and harlequinades will eventually emerge in an hilarious collection. "The austerity of this memorandum," concludes the gentleman writing for the editorial committee, "will not conceal from you the fact that the Book of the Three Hours for Lunch Club will be a work of rare and jovial quality." We'll say so, considering that some of the members are *Capt. David W. Bone, Muirhead Bone, Don Marquis, William McFee, Simeon Strunsky, Hulbert Footner, Dwight Franklin, Walter Jack Duncan, Edward A. Wilson, Felix Riesenberg, Lawton Mackall, H. M. Tomlinson, T. A. Daly, Neil Munro, C. E. Montague,* and others. . . .

The American Laboratory Theatre now has new and larger quarters at 145 East 58th street (Telephone, Regent 2311). They pride themselves on the fact that three years ago they established the foundation of the first permanent professional repertory company in New York. . . .

Stella Benson's latest novel is "Goodbye, Stranger," the scene of which is laid in China. Miss Benson's gift for psychological dissection is sharper than ever, and there are Chinese characters that heighten the color and humor of the story. . . .

William McFee, on his way back from England, says that a fourteenth century hostelry, the "Shoulder of Mutton," Fordham, Essex, gives his East Anglian breast a pang. The picture of the "Shoulder of Mutton" looks extremely attractive. . . .

The Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company wafts us a tiny folder concerning the Phoenix, which glads our main ventricle. The text asserts:

> Every five hundred years or so, the bird, greyed with age, would build a nest of fragrant twigs which were kindled by the rays of the sun. From this fire there arose at dawn a new bird—snow white—and vigorous, which in turn would meet no death but be reborn in an immortal fire. In India and China, the bird was known and its appearance presaged prosperity and the coming of a Golden Age. In Egypt, his name was Bennu. . . .

The firm of Greenberg, Inc., has rushed to press a special royal edition of *Queen Marie of Rumania's* romantic novel, "Ilderim." This is the Queen's very latest work. . . .

Frances Clarke Sayers (Mrs. Alfred H. P. Sayers), of 14 East Chestnut Street, Chicago, Ill., was for five years Children's librarian in the Central Children's Room of the New York Public Library, and later librarian of the Teachers' Training School, University of California. She is now in the field to deliver lectures on Children's Books and Reading. . . .

A large handsome volume of "The Selected Plays and Poems of *Cale Young Rice*" has just been issued by Century Company. It contains some very interesting work. . . .

Noel Douglas is young in the publishing world. He only started a year and a half ago, at 38 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C. 1. But his novel venture has been to photograph page by page rare, sometimes unique, books at the British Museum, the Bodleian, and so on and to produce, at an astonishingly low price, replicas with no sign of photography about them. These replicas do not depend on the collotype process, but are made possible by a process invented during the war. Mr. Douglas is working with the firm of Messrs. Percy Dund, Humphries & Co. He is recommended highly by *Lewin Hayman,* B.A., Oxon, son of the Rev. *Canon Hayman,* ex-headmaster of Rugby. The Noel Douglas replicas now listed are the Sonnets of *William Shakespeare* (Edition of 1609), the Poetical Sketches of *William Blake* (1783), the Lyrical Ballads (1798), *John Donne*: The First and Second Anniversaries (1621); *John Milton's* Minor Poems (1645), and *Collins's* Odes (1746). . . .

Louis D. Edwards, who translated *Arthur Schnitzler's* "Hands Around," a book which has had a most interesting literary history, is now at work upon the translation of a philosophical drama by *Emanuel Lasker,* chess champion of the world. The drama undertakes to give the complete history of man up to one thousand years hence, when Dr. Lasker believes that mankind will have learned toleration. Well,—perhaps. . . .

S. S. Van Dine, starting a series of "Philo Vance" detective stories for Scribners, the first of which was the recent "The Benson Murder Case," rebels against the rubber-stamp methods of the average detective novel. He says in part:

> All high-class murders are committed in rooms with all the doors and windows securely fastened from the inside. Murderers invariably drop cuff-links, studs, and stick pins of peculiar design at the scene of their crimes. Nine-tenths of all confessions begin: "I come of a race which—." All coroners seem set on incriminating obviously innocent persons. All butlers of murdered men have been with the family thirty years and know all the domestic secrets. No criminal ever succeeds in burning completely a piece of paper, and on the unburned parts always remain vital words. Otherwise sane and intelligent young women immediately believe all decoy letters and wires, and go at once to the place indicated. . . .

We thank *Antoinette Burgess* for the presentment of *Lady Digby* on the Digby monument at Worcester Cathedral. We wish to say that she cannot regret more than we do that this superb periodical recently referred to "Mr." *Ross* and "Miss" *Somerville.*" "Shades," as she says, "of those two dear old ladies!" . . .

Ten years ago *Joseph Conrad* exclaimed to a friend, "If I only knew the hundredth part of what you know about Malaya!" Who was the friend? What? Well, it was *Sir Hugh Clifford,* author of "The Further Side of Silence," and the just recently published new book of Malasian tales, "In Days that Are Dead" (Doubleday). . . .

We congratulate *Isaac Mendoza* Book Company of 15 Ann Street, this city, upon starting their thirty-third year in the same place. This is a fine firm, and many a good book bargain have we found in their aisles. . . .

The Book Fair has been devised by the *Joseph Horner Co.* Book Shop of Pittsburgh. It was attended by men and women of note in American literature. There were many fascinating exhibits from all the leading publishers. . . .

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

SALE OF AUTOGRAPHS

THE autograph collection of Emanuel Hertz, of this city, comprising nearly complete sets of Signers of the Declaration of Independence, presidents of the United States and their cabinets, and historical and literary material, was sold at the Anderson Galleries, October 19 and 20, 574 lots bringing $17,490.50. The highest price, $1,100, was paid for a fine signature of Thomas Lynch, Jr., signer of the Declaration of Independence from South Carolina, which had been extracted from an old album and duly authenticated. Next in value was an important historical letter of General Washington, 2 pp., 4to, Princeton, October 15, 1783, written to Count de Noailles, three days before the proclamation of Congress in accordance with which Washington took final leave of the army. Through the Count he sent this message to France:

"My heart will do me greater justice than my Pen, when I attempt the expression of my sensibility for your polite congratulation on the happy termination of the War; and for the favorable sentiments which you have expressed of my instrumentality in effecting the Revolution. It is to the magnaminous sentiments of your Prince—the generous aids of your Nation—and to the gallantry of yourself, and the rest of her sons, that we ascribe, in a very great degree, the happy revolution which is to fill an important page in history."

Other important and valuable letters and the prices which they realized were the following:

Adams (John). A. L. S., 3 pp., 4to, New York, July 18, 1790. To Eliphalet Fitch, a friendly letter in which he says, "I have lived to see my country free and prosperous, rapidly advancing to wealth and grandeur." $175.

Adams (Samuel). A. L. S., 2 pp., 4to, Boston, April 18, 1783. To Samuel Holton, "warmest congratulations on the happy conclusion of the War." $245.

Bartlett (Josiah). A. L. S., 2 pp., folio, Exeter, June 29, 1791. To Col. Joseph Whipple regarding the maintenance of a lighthouse at Portsmouth. $75.

Hancock (John). L. S., 1 p., folio; Philadelphia, August 22, 1777. To Richard Caswell, governor of North Carolina, in regard to the movements of the enemy's fleet. $125.

Jefferson (Thomas). L. S., 1 p., 4to, Philadelphia, February 17, 1791. To the President of the State of New Hampshire announcing the admission of the State of Kentucky into the Federal Union. $150.

Rodney (Cæsar). A. L. S., 1 p., folio, July 4, 1778. To Gen. Dagworthy forwarding war news. $100.

Witherspoon (John). A. L. S., 2 pp., 4to, Princeton, February 23, 1787. To James Iredell, regarding instruction in languages. $210.

Wythe (George). D. S., 4 pp., folio, Richmond, November 6, 1786. Bill of injunction. $150.

Presidents of U. S. A collection of autographs from Washington to Wilson, inclusive. Each item inlaid, tipped or mounted on 4to leaves accompanied with a portrait, bound in levant morocco. $675.

Washington (Gen. George). A. L. S., 2 pp., folio, Middlebrook, March 4, 1779. To Don Diego Jos. Navarro, a friendly representative of a foreign power. $250.

Boone (Daniel). A. N. S., 1p., small 4to, undated. To Andrew Stell, order to furnish a prisoner on parole with provisions. $110.

Dickens (Charles). A. L. S., 2 pp., 8vo, Dover, May 2, 1856. To J. T. Gordon saying "Little Dorrit has beaten all her predecessors in circulation." $115.

Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. Contrat de Mariage between 10 pp., folio, November 15, 1774. $225.

Jefferson (Thomas). A. L. S., 2 pp., 4to, Germantown, November 9, 1793. About a threshing machine which Jefferson was the first to introduce into America. $145.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE Kilmarnoch edition of Robert Burns's "Poems," 1786, once owned by the poet's most intimate friend, Lord Glencairn, will be offered at sale at Sotheby's in London at an early date.

Thefts of rare books have suddenly occurred at such an alarming rate in Paris that the police are watching the old bookshops and auction rooms, and trying to discover who is doing the stealing and where the books are going.

General Order No. 9, the farewell order of Gen. Robert E. Lee to the Army of Northern Virginia, written by the Confederate commander after his surrender at Appomattox Court House, is in an autograph collection soon to be sold in Philadelphia.

At the recent fortieth annual convention of the United Typothetæ of America, held at Detroit, the need of elevating printing to a position among the fine arts along with painting, architecture and sculpture, by emphasizing its artistic side as well as developing the application of natural science to the printing business and its allied industries was repeatedly pointed out and advocated.

An exhibition to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the Declaration of Independence has been opened in the main exhibition room of the New York Public Library. Its consists of manuscripts, books, portraits, newspapers, maps, and other material relating to the men and the place connected with the event of July 4, 1776. Views are shown of Philadelphia in 1776 as well as views and maps of New York and other parts of the country at that period. The scenes of the actual writing and signing of the Declaration are illustrated by the works of various artists. Especial mention is given to three men, Jefferson, Adams and Franklin, and many portraits, documents, and books illustrated their careers. Possibly the most important and interesting item in the entire collection is a draft of the Declaration in Thomas Jefferson's own handwriting.

Part 3 of Vol XXIII of "Book Auction Records," a quarterly record of British sales, bringing the record up to June 24, 1926, has just made its appearance. The fourth and concluding part of this volume will probably be published in December or January. Besides the 4,998 records of prices of books, the present number contains an interesting article on "Some Strange Books and Curious Notices" by G. F. Barwick of the British Museum.

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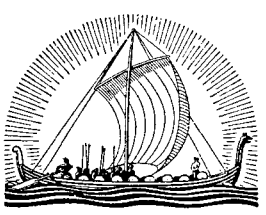

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